

THE FUNNY PAGES

NATIONAL

LAMPOON

IND
34490

OCT. '76

PRICE \$1.00

YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. ANY STATEMENT YOU DO MAKE MAY BE USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE AN ...



**It would be foolish to create
a new line of speakers
and not overcome these obstacles...**

The HPM series.

Four radically new speaker systems specifically designed to beat the best.

You can't beat JBL, Advent, Bose and AR with me-too ideas. They're really good speakers.

So, instead of just trying to make better conventional speakers, we knew we had to come up with a totally different and superior design concept.

After years of research and development, our engineers found the answer. They created a whole new technology based on the electrical properties of High Polymer Molecular film. The result is a sound that's louder, clearer, more natural, lower in distortion than you ever expected to hear out of a speaker system.

HPM film technology requires no magnet, no coil, no cone or dome, no moving parts at all. The amplified signal is converted into sound waves directly at the surface of a thin, light membrane. And the entire structure housing the membrane can be curved for the best possible sound dispersion.

Pioneer's new HPM drivers combine high efficiency with amazingly accurate transient response. Distortion is virtually nonexistent even at very high sound-pressure levels. The principle was evolved mainly for tweeters, although a giant HPM woofer is at least a theoretical possibility.

In each of the new Pioneer models shown here, regardless

of price, the top end of the audio spectrum is reproduced by an HPM driver. In the big HPM-200 system, so is the upper midrange.

The woofers used in the HPM series are almost as unconventional, even though they still have cones. But what cones! They combine low mass and high rigidity to an unprecedented degree, thanks to an exclusive method of reinforcement with carbon fibers. As a result, they move as true pistons, without any of the smearing of bass frequencies experienced with ordinary cones.

Of course, the proof of a new speaker technology isn't in the telling but in the listening.

If the new HPM speakers didn't have audibly more impact, more detail, more transparency than the best previous speakers at comparable prices, our engineering effort would have been a meaningless exercise. There are certainly enough speakers on the market today.

So we invite you to listen and compare very carefully. Match the HPM in the price range of your choice against the corresponding speaker on the far right, or anything else in your dealer's showroom.

We think you'll end up agreeing that a good new idea beats a good old idea every time.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.

Pioneer HPM-200
5-way 5-driver system

Pioneer HPM-100
1-way 1-driver system

Pioneer HPM-60
1-way 4-driver system

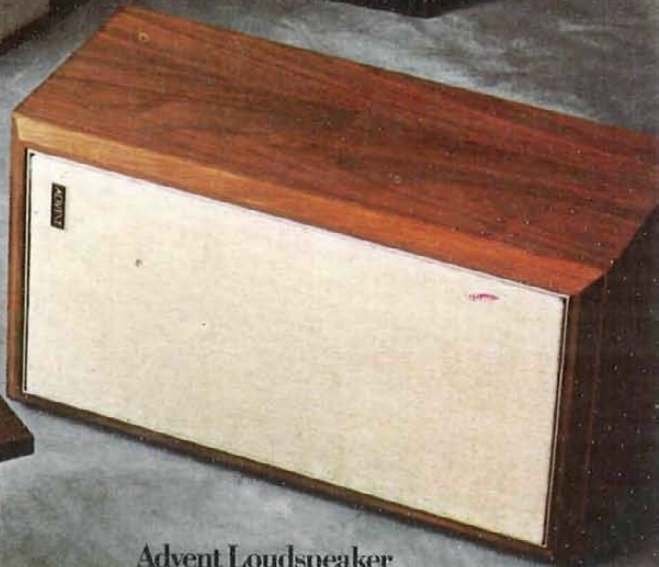
Pioneer HPM-40
3-way 3-driver system

 **PIONEER**[®]
Anyone can hear the difference.

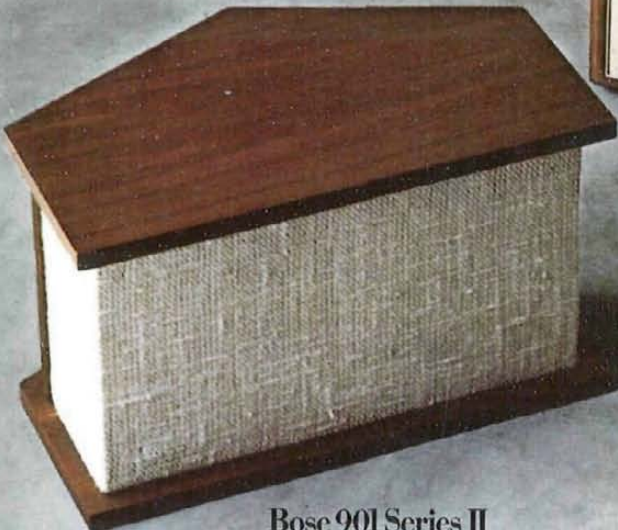
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Acoustic Research AR-LST



Advent Loudspeaker



Bose 901 Series II

THE FIRECRACKER



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How to ignite a party.

Serve the Firecracker: Just pour 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 Crown over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail. Add sugar to taste.

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EDITORIAL

A long suppressed, unspoken, unspeakable fear around the *NatLamp* offices is that our readers are not. Readers, that is. That the words which we, with wild abandon or midnight struggle, write and cause to be printed are never, ever, read by anyone but Louise Gikow, who corrects our spelling, punctuation, grammar, and, from time to time, chauvinism, before sending them off to the linotypers.

So, with this issue, we are doing to ourselves what *Penthouse* did to *Playboy*. Eliminating all the useless literature, and going with the pictures, on the assumption that giving the market what it wants makes good sense, market-want-wise.

The Funny Pages are unleashed.

And if this issue sells (which would, observes the publisher over my shoulder where he lurks, a grotesque parody of Jiminy Cricket, a conscience with a cigar, the Ghost of Circulation Past, which *would* make for a nice change)...then this editorial may well be the last piece of boring old, linear *prose* ever to appear between our covers.

And so, in the words of pundit Marshall McLuhan, Fuck Literacy! If we can no longer defend this last bastion of the unadorned alphabet, let us defect, while there is time. Long live comics! That "Starsky and Hutch" is a heck of a show, come to think of it! If Shakespeare were alive today, he'd be writing Volvo commer-

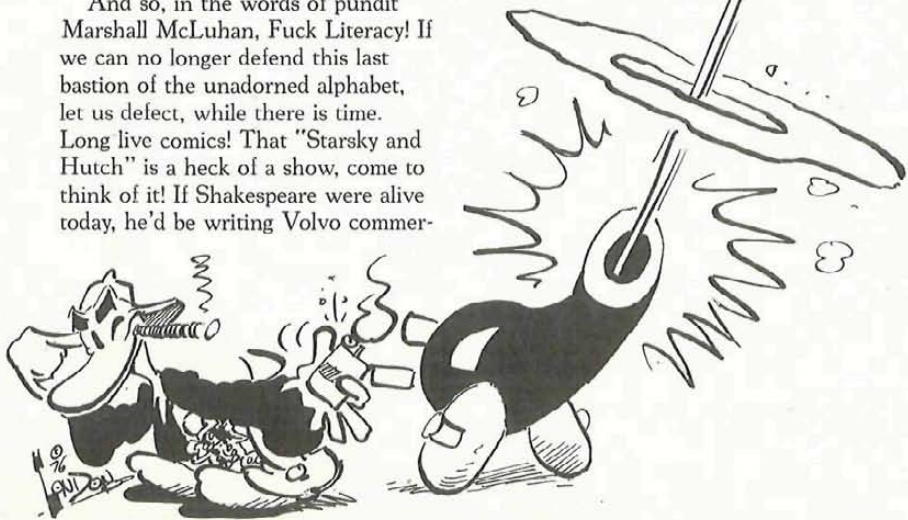
cial! The Chinese said a picture is worth a thousand words. In fact, they said it a thousand times, which makes you wonder why they didn't draw it once and be done with it. Whoops! Negative, verbal thinking again. I meant to say that from the ancient pyramidal scrolls to the modern Brenda Starr, comics have always been where it's at, baby. *Pow! Zap! A-a-a-ieee!*

A single pen stroke contains more goddamn pure *wit* than any tedious rhetoric, pun, trope, tale, or stanza.

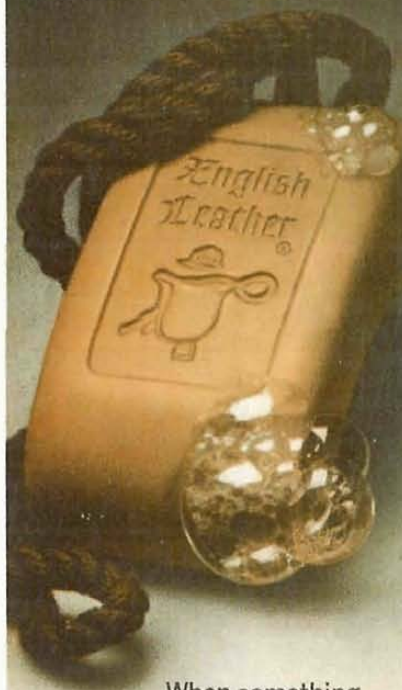
And what's more, comics are patriotic. Like jazz and really effective crowd control, they are an original American art form. Generations of tourists have been surprised and disappointed not to see a speech balloon above the Statue of Liberty. Comics suit this great land. Vivacious, colorful, crude, and not too terrific in the reading department.

So be it. Let them come. Like a tide, a horde, a plague (whoops! again) sweeping up from the back of the book (book, not bus, I said—but then again...), the Funny Pages attack, assault, seize, and occupy the pages.

Of course, should there chance to remain out there some devotees of the written word, fans of simile, groupies for metaphor, a happy few, a band of brothers who wish the *NatLamp* to return to fiction, essays, verse...we would be only too glad, humble, and yet in a way proud



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longer
than
the soap...
the scent.



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Sirs:

I'm a white, Christian, college-educated, English-speaking heterosexual male, and that just happens to put me on top of the heap in this end of the universe. If you think different, you can talk to my lawyers, fuck-face.

Homo prosperous
U.S., Canada, the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia, and most of South Africa

Sirs:

It seems like these psychiatrists are always putting bad interpretations on things when it would be just as easy to put nice interpretations on them. For instance, maybe the seven dwarfs in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* stand for the Seven Virtues, and Snow White is our Conscience who cleans up our behavior, which is the dwarfs' cottage, to make a nice place for the Seven Virtues to live in. I don't see why not, and that would be much nicer.

Emily Lamp Post
Lungford, Conn.

Sirs:

Man, I was doing some opium in my dorm room and I guess I must have like crashed out on it, because I had this really *heavy* dream that was all in *words*! Can you dig it? Like, no pictures or anything, and it was all about Kubla, Kahn, and Ollie and "taverns measureless to man," or something, and oceans with the lights off. Far out stuff, huh? But then my roommate turned the stereo on and woke me up.

Samuel T. Coleridge VI
Ohio State University
of Michigan
Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Hey, do you guys analyze dreams? Because I dreamt I saw Joe Hill last night, alive as you or me. Any idea who this Hill character is? And what

do you suppose it means?

George Meany
A...F...L...
C...I...O...
M...O...U...S...E...
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Speaking of dope, me and my old lady were camping out in Big Thompson Canyon, and we did this *dynamite* hash. I mean, one hit and *wham*—*what a rush!* Like, it really left us wet and dead all over.

Unidentified White Male
Siltbank, Col.

Sirs:

Beep... This is Viking I... beep beep... no life on Mars... beep... Repeat: No life up here... beep beep beep... Manned expedition not necessary... beep beep... Nothing interesting on Mars... beep... So don't come... beep beep beep... Nothing here at all... beep beep beep beep... Don't bother to come... beep... No reason to come here... beep... Might as well stay away... beep beep beep... Nothing happening on Mars... beep beep beep... No sense visiting this place... beep beep... Nobody home... beep beep beep... Forget it... beep beep beep... No life here... beep beep beep... Go away... beep beep beep beep beep beep...

Viking I
Place of the Green Huge Things
Mars

Sirs:

Well, I guess the folks in Chowchilla have learned *their* lesson about bussing! How about *you*, you rich college fucks?

Ronald Reagan
Sans Negros, Cal.

Sirs:

My proposal for solving New York's financial problems has an elegant simplicity: the animal tax bomb shelter. Not only in the first year can you write off the cement and your neighbors, but the tacks in the animal bombs themselves can also be used to stop up the Gestapo's tires when the American and that lady get chased.

David Eisenhower
U.S.S. Drum
Mobile, Ala.

continued



TC-800GL

HP-1

Form follows function.

At Yamaha, it's been that way since 1887, when we began making music by making the finest musical instruments in the world.

Today, the same advanced technology found in our musical instruments has made Yamaha a leader in state-of-the-art audio components.

For example, we engineered our innovative Orthodynamic HP-1 and HP-2 stereo headphones to give both the smooth, crisp highs of the best electrostatic headphones and the rich, clean bass of the best dynamic types at a surprisingly low price.

But it wasn't enough to make them the best sounding headphones ever heard. We consulted world-famous designer Mario Bellini to help us make them the most comfortable headphones ever worn. Because we knew if they were uncomfortable, you wouldn't put up with them.

That's why a soft strap distributes the featherlight weight of the HP-1 and HP-2 evenly over your head. Special foam ear pads form a supple, compliant seal. Height and angle are completely adjustable to your head.

Yamaha musical technology is also highlighted in our superlative TC-800GL and TC-800D stereo cassette decks, offering cassette convenience with performance rivaling that of some of the finest open reel decks.

To satisfy the most sophisticated recordist, both the TC-800GL and TC-800D offer incredibly low 0.06% wow-and-flutter, Dolby® Noise Reduction, and Variable Pitch Control. (The TC-800GL can even be used for remote recording.) But, if

you don't like to do a lot of fiddling around, both models offer automatic convenience features like Auto Timer Start, Auto Stop, Auto Memory Rewind, and Auto Switching for CrO₂ tape.

Also showing Mr. Bellini's touch, the functional wedge styling and stepped controls of these cassette decks give you easy control and visibility from any standing, sitting, or reclining position.

If you'd like a closer look at some other examples of form following function, send for our free catalog of stereo components. Or see your local Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealer. You'll get a lot more than just a demonstration.

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Yamaha International Corporation 109
Audio Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, Calif. 90622

Please send my free copy of the Yamaha stereo components catalog and a list of Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealers.

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____



If that expensive cassette deck you wanted is so good, why aren't its specs better than the lowest priced JVC?



A high price doesn't necessarily mean better performance.

JVC's least expensive front-loading cassette deck, the new CD-1920, proves this conclusively with performance specs that equal (and surpass) many manufacturers' higher priced models.

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Listen to the CD-1920 at your JVC dealer. (Call toll-free 800-221-7502 for his name.) You'll come to one conclusion. With the CD-1920 you can compromise on price without compromising on performance.

JVC

Letters

continued

Sirs:

I did not drown Brian Jones. In fact, I didn't move in with Anita until two days after the funeral.

Keith Richards
Send \$6 for records,
\$8 for tapes or cassettes to:
"Stones"
Box 100
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You give me swine flu, baby, when you kiss me, baby when you hold me tight. Swine flu! Swine flu all through the night!

A Dead Old Republican

Sirs:

Here, in response to your check, are several more synonyms for *turkey*. Due to changes in the rate charged by the local bar, we at Language Laboratories have found it necessary to raise our rates once again. One-time publication rights to synonyms contracted for have been readjusted to \$800 per use. Thank you for being such a good customer. We hope you are satisfied with this month's selections.

- 1) *Pickaninny pheasant.*
- 2) *Suburb steak.*
- 3) *Slow cooker.*

Please remit fee during the current billing period.

Yours sincerely,
Dr. Arthur Stoa
Head, Substantive
Development Division
Language Laboratories, Inc.

Sirs:

Mike here. Remember me? You've been publishing all my letters full of words that mean the same as turkey and not paying me for them just because I'm noneducated and work here on the punch line. You pay Dr. Stoa, though. Dr. Stoa is really a *triple toes* himself. *November's child*, if I make myself clear to you, *flap-throated egg-drop squadron leaders*. I guess you think I really *sport the war bonnet* myself because I keep sending you all these new words for *feathered ottoman*. Shit. Maybe I do. I just keep thinking maybe you'll give me a break. My family is real sick and I can't hardly afford no medicines because I get paid so little at Language Laboratories. In fact, the only thing my family can do when

they feel sick is eat grass. Well, I hope you *Plymouth Dusters* come across this time.

Mike K.
c/o The Punch Line Lunch Room
Language Labs, Inc.

Sirs:

Did you hear about the combination animal trainer/medium? He teaches dogs to return from the dead with the evening paper. Thank you.

Krypto
c/o Ma and Pa Kent
Smallville

Sirs:

Cheese it, the Copts!! Ha, ha, ha.
Lawrence Durrell
c/o The Alexandria String Quartet
Alexandria, Egypt

Sirs:

*I'm a little teapot,
Short and stout.
This is my handle,
This is my cock.*

Allan T. How-Now-Brown-Cow,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

Just thought I'd drop a note to clear up a few misunderstandings about a recent Supreme Court decision the boys and I made. Seems we said the death penalty was O.K., and this set off all manner of moan-and-groan among some liberal types who maintain that the death penalty is not O.K., because, they say, it violates the Constitutional guarantee against what you call your cruel and unusual punishment. But let's take a look at the facts: The penalty part of the death penalty is death, right? And there's nothing unusual about death, right? I mean, it happens every day of the week. So that knocks out that end of the argument. Now, how about cruel? You never hear anybody say, "Death is cruel," do you? No, of course not. Death isn't cruel. *Life* is what's cruel. So there's nothing cruel and unusual about the death penalty.

But look, let's be fair and admit that, although there's nothing cruel and unusual about the death penalty, there *might* be something cruel and unusual about the way you did it. Well, it wouldn't be *cruel*. We've already figured out that death isn't cruel. But it might be *unusual*. And that's where this misunderstanding comes in. Damn it, these parlor pinks

continued on page 16



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an expanded line of receivers,
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Follow your own quiet path. Mix your orange juice with white rum from Puerto Rico.



White rum screwdriver

While the crowd is busy following in each other's footsteps, you've found a less-traveled path that brings more pleasure.

You've discovered white rum, for a screwdriver as smooth as the mood you're in.

Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is set aside to age for at least a year before it's ever bottled.

It emerges deliciously smooth. Smoother than gin. Smoother than vodka. And preferred to other

rums. In fact, 84% of all the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.

White rum is a marvelous mixer that never overpowers its partners. It allows orange juice to be savored, doesn't un-tingle the tonic and never clubs the club soda.

With white rum, you're on the right path. A path that might soon become the main road.

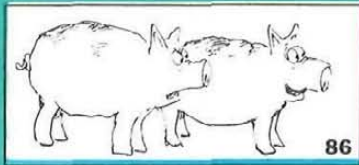
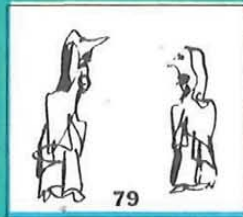
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There isn't much you have to add to the car. So there isn't much you have to add to the price.

There was a time not too long ago when almost any car you could buy came with an incredible amount of standard equipment.

Unfortunately, this is no longer the case.

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At Fiat, instead of offering you the typical list of options, we offer you a simple alternative.

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It comes standard with a lot of things that many cars only offer as extras. Like tinted glass and radial tires. And it comes standard with other things that many cars don't offer at all. Like an overhead cam engine. And front-wheel disc brakes. In short, for about \$3,222

we've tried to include everything on the 128 Custom but the usual taxes, delivery charge and dealer preparation.

Which means that the low sticker price that brings you in to look at a Fiat can actually be the low price that you drive one out for.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

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• M. Henri Villette of Alençon, France, decided to drown his cat. The elderly gentleman went down to the River Sarthe, gave a mighty heave, and flung the animal into the water. In doing so, M. Villette lost his balance, fell in, and drowned. The cat swam back to land. *New York News* (Mike Shaw)

• According to the Rio de Janeiro Department of Transportation, approximately 50 percent of Rio's public bus fleet crashed at some time during 1975. A total of 3,888 buses were involved in various accidents, crashing at a rate of about ten a day. *New York Daily News* (Jimmy Downey)

• An Ohio man has discovered a novel way to avoid going to jail. Daniel M. Elkins, fifty, is too large to fit into a jail cell. Elkins, who is seven feet tall and weighs 400 pounds, could neither fit on a jail cot nor be handcuffed. So Judge G. W. Fais freed the man, who was accused of receiving stolen food stamps, on recognizance bond. *Columbus (Ohio) Citizen-Journal* (James Purdie)

• Gerald Frey, thirty-four, was offended by the X-rated double feature at his local movie house in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. After watching part of the show, he left the theater, and returned a short while later with a hunting dog and a shotgun.

He then pumped three shots into the theater's screen. Frey was arrested and charged with reckless use of a weapon and criminal damage to property. He also signed a statement saying that he opposes X-rated films. *Newsday* (Al Koch)

• Seven hundred love letters written by a young Taiwanese man to his girl friend have finally brought results. The girl has become engaged to the postman who delivered the letters. *San Francisco Chronicle* (Terry Ishida)

• When thieves opened a container they had stolen from a parked car in Paris, they couldn't believe their eyes. Six more human eyes were staring back at them. Police said that the car belonged to the director of a French eye bank. *San Francisco Chronicle* (Terry Ishida)

• Stockbroker John Helmer accidentally left his briefcase on the sidewalk near a Bay Area Rapid Transit station in Concord, California. By the time he could get back to it, it had been blown up by the bomb squad. Nervous Martinez police had turned the case over to a Navy bomb inspection team, which, taking no chances, blew up the case—*Wall Street Journal*, waxpapered sandwich, and all. The briefcase and the sandwich will be replaced. *San Francisco Chronicle* (Brian Brick)

continued

THROW A COWTAIL PARTY



WITH NEW 30-PROOF ABERDEEN COWS

30 proof. Bottled by Aberdeen Spirits, Ltd., Chicago, Illinois 60623. ©1976

Derringer

Rock and Roll On The Loose!

Derringer. From the McCoys to Johnny Winter to Edgar Winter, guitarist Rick Derringer now joins Kenny Aaronson on bass, Danny Johnson on guitar, and Vinny Appice on drums to build a brand-new rock and roll band that already has quite a history. **"Derringer."** On Blue Sky Records and Tapes.



True Facts

continued

• The only tree in an Alaskan state park has disappeared.

Terry Martin, who was named forest ranger when the Prudhoe Bay Challenger State Park was created last year, says the tree will be replaced.

There are several theories as to what happened to the three-foot Sitka spruce. For one thing, a caribou and a grizzly bear that had been seen in the area both disappeared at about the same time the sapling did.

But Martin fears that the culprit was a methodical human, because not a splinter of the tree remains.

The next tree that he plants, he says, will be bigger, with deeply buried roots, so, as he puts it, "a disappearing act will be avoided." *Anchorage Times* (Leslie Losch)

• Equality of the sexes has reached a nadir in Stark County, Ohio.

Female students in the Perry Local School District have been prohibited from growing beards or mustaches.

The action was taken after federal officials complained to the board of education that the dress code limiting

male students' hair length and forbidding them from growing facial hair discriminated against the men by not placing the same restrictions on women. *Unidentified source* (Olga Zuk)

• Canadian troops in West Germany have been issued a new directive, revealed Canadian M.P. John Reynolds in a letter to his constituents.

Canadian soldiers are now forbidden to faint in an unseemly way while on parade.

The order read: "To avoid the possibility of fainting, a soldier should make sure he has had breakfast on the morning of parade day. If worse comes to worse and he must faint, a soldier should fall to the ground under control.

"To do so, he must turn his body approximately 45 degrees, squat down, roll to the left and retain control of his weapon to prevent personal injury and minimize damage to his weapon." *Washington Star* (Duane Hanlon)

• A man in Savannah who thought he was doing the police a favor has been arrested for his pains.

Nathaniel Paul Williams, seeing police chasing a suspect on a downtown street, leaned inside a parked police car and radioed for further assistance.

After more police arrived on the scene, Williams was charged with unauthorized use of the radio. When he protested the action as unfair, he was charged with disorderly conduct.

It is not known what became of the initial subject of the chase. *Atlanta Constitution* (David Tanner)

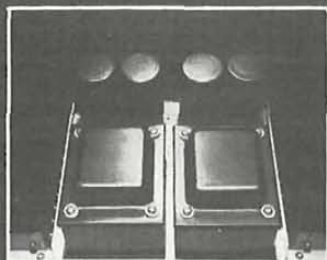
• The Alabama Supreme Court recently nullified an eight-year sentence imposed on Roosevelt Williams for forging a check.

The court admitted the absurdity of the situation; but Williams had had the sense (or luck) to date the check on a Sunday, and Alabama law says checks dated on Sunday are worthless. *Money* (Jerold A. Nadel)

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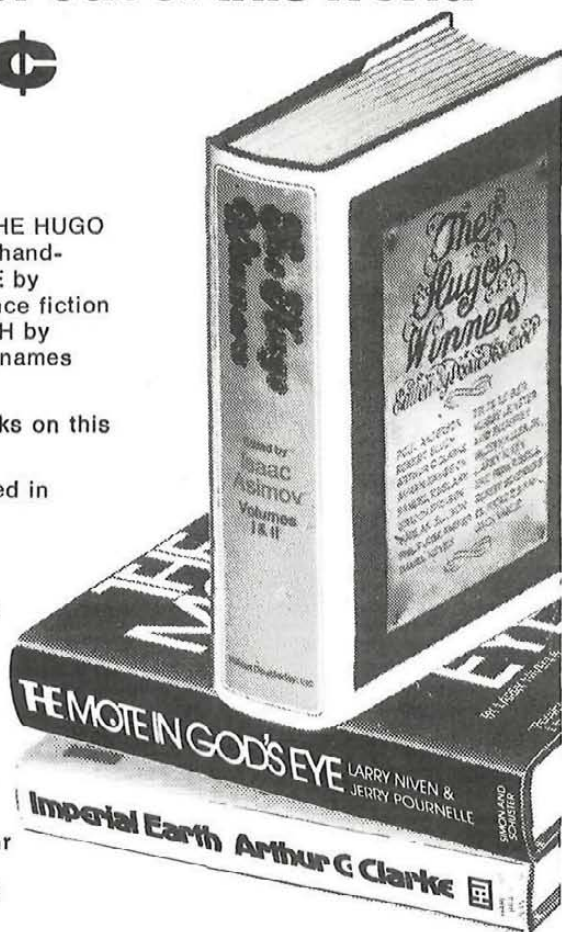
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Clarence Brown

Letters

continued from page 6

and lib-labs just don't seem to be able to get it through their thick skulls that this *unusual* business is what our decision was all about. We've made every death row in the U.S. throw out its electric chair, gas chamber, gallows, or whatever—these are just not the *usual* way that a fellow cashes in his chips. What we're making them all do now is run over their murderers and rapists with a car. Or pump 'em full of cancer-causing chemicals. Or blast 'em in the gut with an illegal handgun. Or (if the capital crime took place inside a prison), assault them homosexually and slit their throats with a sharpened spoon handle. Nothing unusual about any of that!

I hope this letter will quiet your readers' worries.

Warren Burger
Burger Court
Burger King, Maryland

Sirs:

The New York Times says that Alicia de Larrocha's piano playing is "...phenomenally crisp and accurate, rhythmically impregnable, melodically pliant and unclouded by too much pedal." Does this mean she's better than Leon Russell, or is she just more funky?

Lester Bangs
Duckburg Rock Critic Collective
Duckburg, Vt.

Sirs:

We think Ronny's got the right idea, and we'd like a balanced ticket, too. Are there any Negro genius ladies in the Communist party?

Jack Ford
White House Swing Set
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Happy to report there was none of that revolution stuff in Philadelphia this July. Twenty-seven thousand National Guardsmen and a boatload of cops would have squashed that crap like a bug, believe you me. We had hardly any hippies, traffic moved *real* slow, and nobody white got hurt. What was all this bicentennial hoopla all about, anyway?

Frank U. Rizzo
Mayor's Pen
Pennsylvania State Zoological Gardens

get off e-z

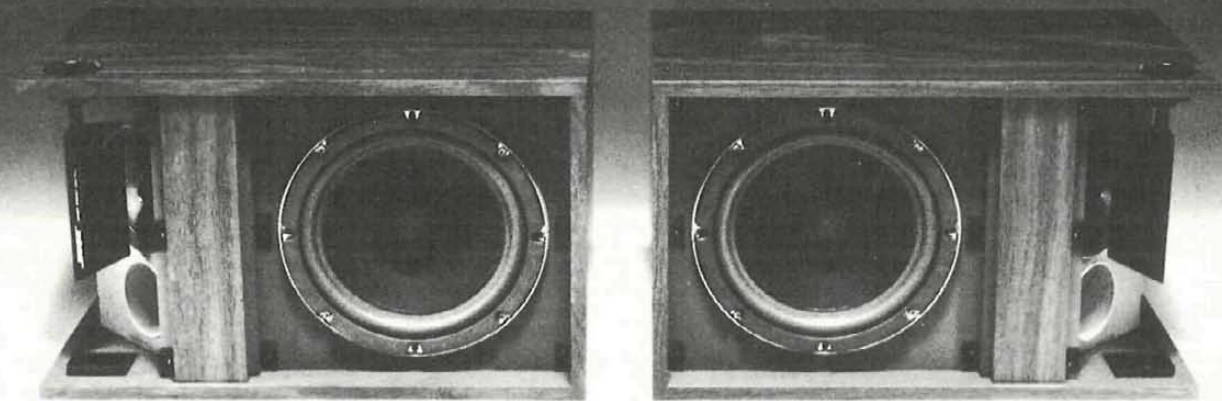
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Odd Couple.

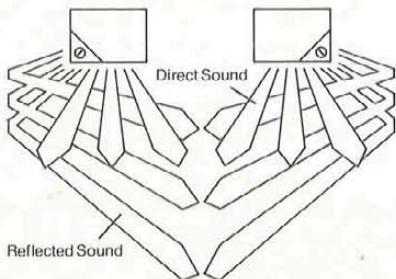


This is a pair of Bose Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® bookshelf speakers with their grilles removed.

What's odd about them might not be immediately obvious, but it's very significant. Unlike most pairs of speakers, they're not identical. Instead, the left-hand speaker is a mirror image of the right-hand speaker.

Bose goes to the extra trouble and expense of making the two speakers of the pair you buy different to provide the proper proportion of reflected and direct sound at high frequencies, a feature unique among bookshelf speakers.

To accomplish this, each speaker is of an "asymmetrical"



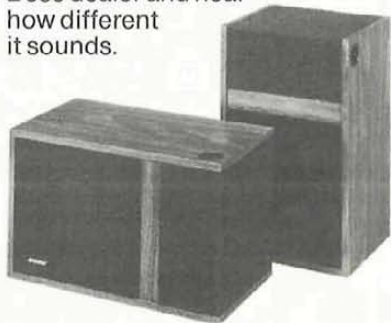
design. As a result, a pair of Model 301s has woofers pointing straight ahead and tweeters angled outward. A large proportion of the high frequency energy is reflected off the side walls and then into the center of the listening room, rather than being aimed directly at the listener. As in a live performance, the listener is surrounded with a balance of reflected and direct sound. This is the same principle used in the Bose 501 and in the legendary Bose 901® Direct/Reflecting speaker system. The result is extraordinarily open, natural, and spacious sound.

In addition, the Model 301 Dual Frequency Crossover™ network causes the woofer and tweeter to operate simultaneously for more than an octave, providing exceptionally smooth midrange response and an open spatial quality.

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These features make the Model 301 an unusual speaker with unusually fine performance. Its suggested retail price—less than \$100 per speaker—makes it an extraordinary value.

You already know the Model 301 looks different from other bookshelf speakers. Now visit a Bose dealer and hear how different it sounds.



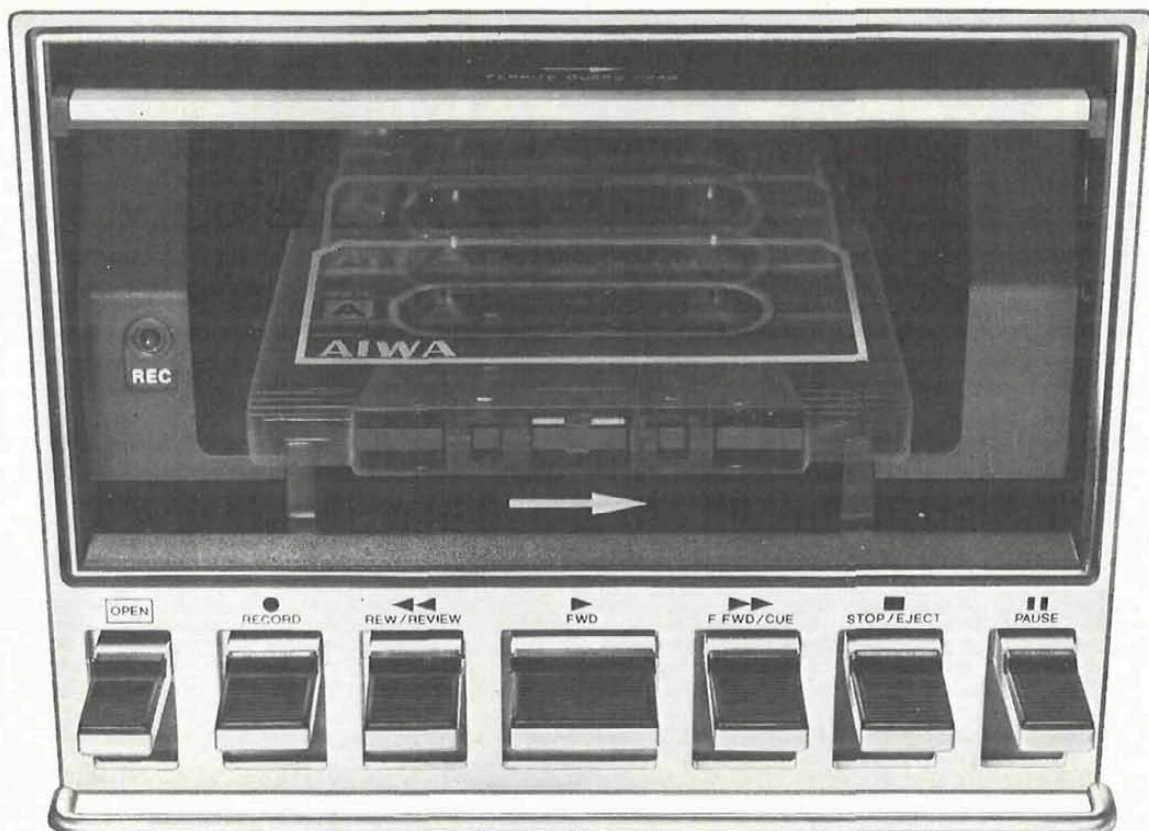
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And because we used Dolby* we also improved the S/N ratio to 62 dB. So you can listen

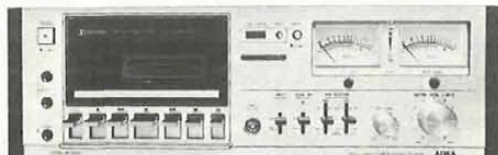
to the music instead of tape hiss.

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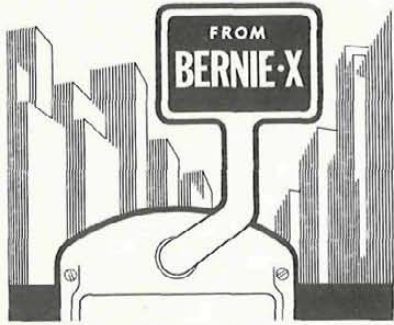


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TIPS AND TALES



MY METER IS RUNNING

You want to hear my crazy story about drugs? I should drop dead on the spot if this story isn't 100 percent true. And if I drop dead on the spot, you're not going to make it to Madison Square Garden in time for the game, believe me.

It happened to me while I was driving my cab from L.A. to New York a little while ago. What was I doing driving my cab all the way from L.A.? That's part of another crazy story. It seems that I had to take Cher and her putz husband out there from New York because she was willing to pay the entire fare and give me a ten thousand dollar tip. Right. Cher, the big TV star. She didn't feel like flying to L.A., so she just hailed a cab and said go. Those fucking stars don't give a shit for anything. They don't know what the fuck to do with their money.

Did you know that Cher was a virgin until she met me? No shit. I took her cherry. I don't want to go into any details, but she went nuts over me. Wanted me to stay in L.A. and become her personal manager. Wanted to set me up in a fancy house, with the Mercedes Benz and all that Hollywood bullshit. But I can't take those movie stars for too long. They're too temperamental. They all belong in the crazy house. Cher tried to commit suicide when I left, y'know. Took a whole bunch of pills, only they were the wrong kind, and all she got was a terrible case of constipation. Poor kid. Still begs me to come back.

Getting back to my drug story. I'm driving out of L.A., and decide to take the scenic route back to New York. I had an extra ten grand tip in my pocket, so I made a little side trip to Vegas, but that's also another story. Christ, it's easy to get sidetracked,

continued on page 98

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend: Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

**Robert Service*

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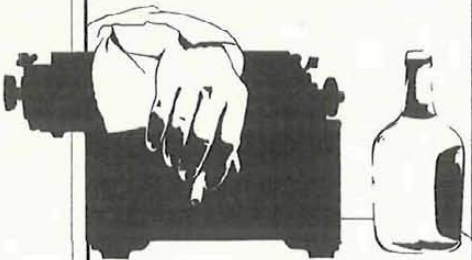
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THIS IS

WAR



*This Month from War-Torn
Namibia, South-West Africa,
German South-West Africa,
or whatever they're calling it.*

Perimeter Defenses, Windhoek, S.W.A., Sept. 28—Mars, the dog of war, has raised its ugly head again on this dark continent, Africa. High in the Auaz mountains, hardy descendants of the same Dutch people whose other hardy descendants fought so bravely in the resistance during W.W. II plus some English await the onslaught of Botswanans, Zambians, Angolans, Congolese, Lesothoians, Swazilanders, and who knows who else no doubt soon to be massed on their borders. Defended only by their army and air force, these plucky South Africans strive bravely to fulfill their responsibilities to this former possession of the Kaiser—responsibilities thrust on their reluctant shoulders by a League of Nations mandate in 1921. Yet when South Africa turns to that august body for succor or support, they hear only silence. The tragedy of impuissant world law is repeated, as in Abyssinia prostrate before Il Duce's Dago hordes. Thus the South Africans, surrounded on all sides except the south and east, their backs to the often very choppy Atlantic, prepare for a fight to the death, or until an internationally supervised truce can be arranged.

We are inside a low concrete bunker in the final defense line of a Windhoek military base. The heat is stifling. Outside it must be 80 degrees. There's no whiskey to be had for half a kilometer in any direction; the beer is warm, and the situation reminds me of nothing so much as the Jap prison camp I was in in the Malay peninsula. Fortunately, that was a couple of

continued

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4 A

This Is War

continued

years after the war and I was just visiting, but it was a scene of unspeakable horror, or recently had been.

We are surrounded by a dazzling array of computer terminals, radar screens, and infrared sensor devices abandoned by the Germans in 1915—the “U.S.A.” stenciled on all the equipment standing for *Underdeveloped Colonial Enclave* under the *Sovereignty of Germany in Africa*. Colonel Tulipburgher, the commanding officer, explains that as a result of U.N. sanctions, South Africa can buy no new military equipment, and must make do with jet planes and guided missiles left over from the Boer War and W.W. I.

This Tulipburgher is a big man, rough-cut and steely-featured, possessed of a craglike visage. Yet, as I sip from can after can of Lion and Castle, this strong face seems to dance and blur—no doubt as a result of the deeply felt emotions he voices. “Can’t imagine what the niggers want with South-West Africa,” he’s saying. “There isn’t a thing here of any use to them. Just diamonds and uranium, iron, vanadium—things that they wouldn’t know what to do with even if they could figure out how to get them out of the ground. Why, all they’d do is buy more wives than the grazing land can support. They’re better off the way they are, and I dare say most of them know it. At least, the bearers and the kitchen boys do.”

His voice is filled with the experience of Africa, and I feel a manly camaraderie with this defender of the lowly bushman and the bauxite ore. There we are, he and I, face to face in this lonely outpost, where we are human prey to bands of blood-thirsty guerrillas armed to the teeth with Communist-supplied knives and large sticks. At any minute, these black fanatics might swim the Okovango river, snip the strands of electrified barbed wire, slither through a minefield, hike 200 miles to Tsumeb, catch a train to Walvis Bay, switch to the Windhoek local, hitch a ride to the outskirts of town, bluff their way past the gatehouse,

silence the guard dogs, and set upon us with incomparable savagery. But Colonel Tulipburgher is a stranger to fear, or, if he and that base emotion have met at all, it is but a nodding acquaintance, strictly social. Perhaps they’ve been unwilling bridge partners in some previous rubber of brinkmanship, with spades trump and mankind’s future bid, doubled, and redoubled.

Ah, yes, here is a guardian of civilization’s barely glowing ember in a world of night. His situation takes me back to when I was growing up in Hell’s Kitchen these forty years ago and more. Right downstairs from us was a precocious brat named

performance nonetheless. And besides, Pat wasn’t such a bad kid, considering his family. Not that that’s saying much. The world at large would have considered Attila the Hun an amazing piece of evolutionary advancement if he’d sprung from the loins of a Moynihan. From time immemorial, the members of the Moynihan family have been brawlers, and Pat’s branch of the clan was no exception. When they fought, Christ, you’d think your Götterdämmerung a tea dance in Murray Hill. Torquemada would have blushed at their barbarity. Sherman would have marched to the Rockies if Moynihan’s parents had stood between Atlanta and the sea. Especially his old lady, who held considerably the edge in tonnage.

One fight in particular sticks in my mind. My sainted mother and rough but kindly dad and ten or twelve brothers and sisters and I had just sat down to a meal of (being a poor family) cabbage and water when there arose a horrible racket from the tenement flat downstairs. Well we knew that awesome sound. My mother crossed herself, a tear in her patient eye. “The Moynihans, God help ‘em,” said she, and there was a fearful shattering of crockery followed by salvo upon salvo of enameled cookware, the low boom of iron skillets pounding a plaster wall, a rapid burst of bottled beer, a salute of canned goods, and the high-pitched crack of a bentwood chair going to meet its sylvan ancestors. Then was heard some startling verbal speculation on the barnyard alliances of Mr. Moynihan’s progenitors, the probable fate of his immortal soul, and the remarkable likeness of his facial features to other anatomical parts entirely. This mixed with most vivid metaphors and similes concerning animal sanitation and the personal bodily functions of colored people. And all of it delivered at a volume and pitch that would drive the banshee of the Black O’Neills to a prolonged rest cure and treatment with mineral salts.

There was a small pause, but before we could resume consumption of our “liberty steak,” Armageddon-on-the-floor-below broke loose anew, this

continued on page 100



Moynihan, and a more sissified kid you couldn’t hope to see in any respectable slum, not counting Jews. He was always reading, I remember, and could no more step outside without getting his bucket dumped than I could marry the Pope. Many’s the time when these two fivers of digits knuckle-kissed a shiv-wielding Guinea in the interests of preserving that pudgy temple of flesh housing young Moynihan’s yellow-spined soul. And him the same who grew up to yank the beards of the camel-humped towelheads and dirt-worshipping fuzzy-wuzzies. Strong stuff, perhaps, from the soutane-clinging sister boy of Forty-third Street West, but a fine



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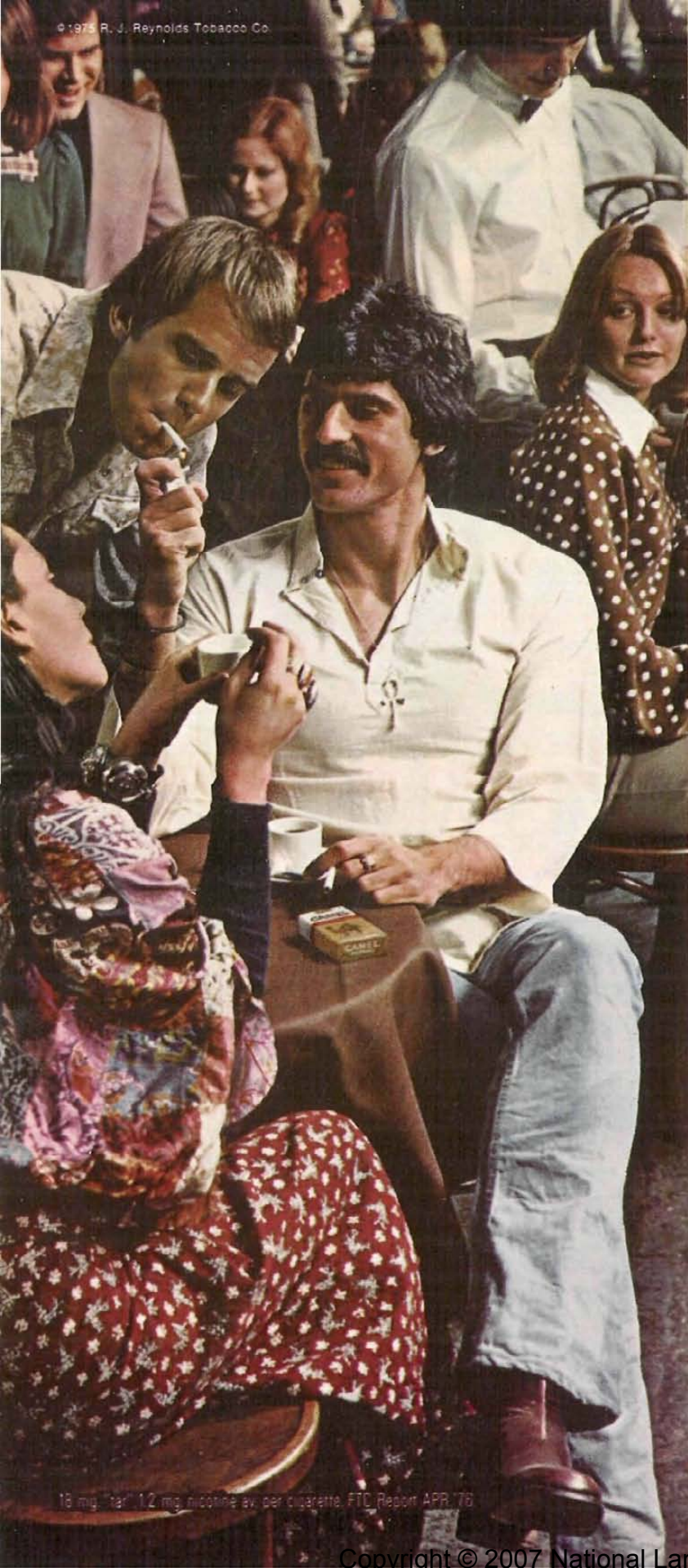
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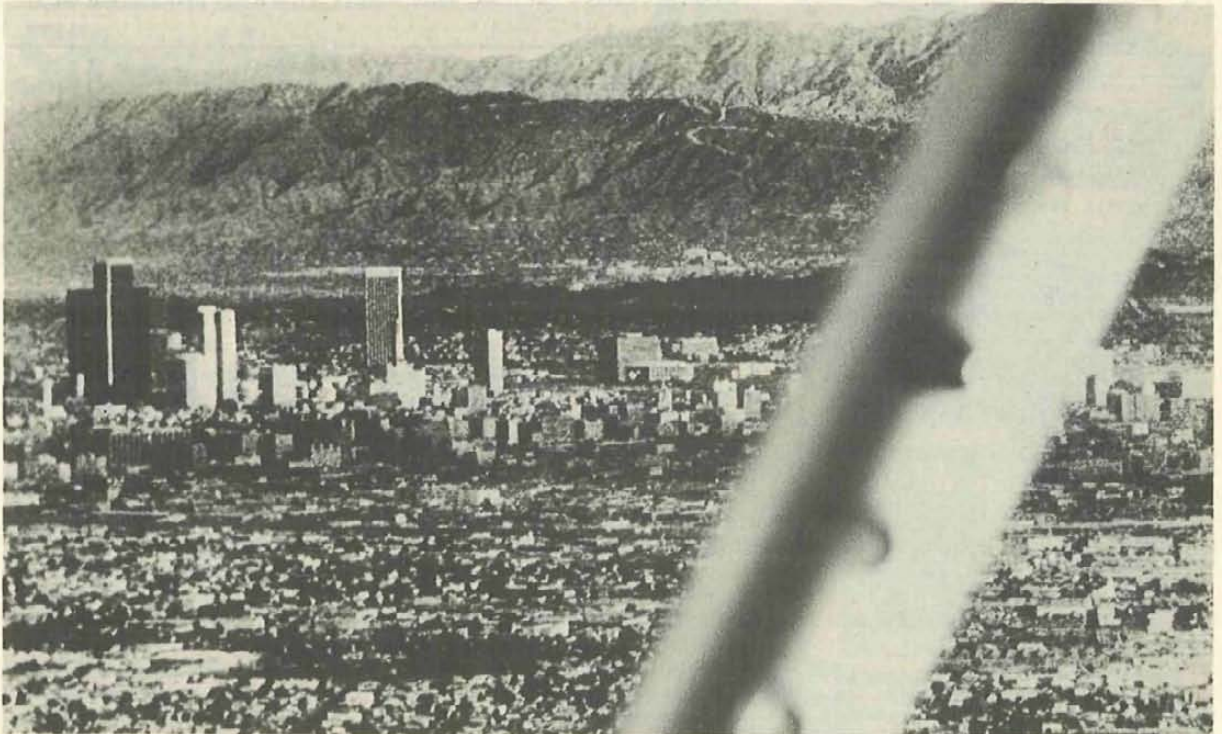
October, 1976

Yellow Streak Edition

100 cents

Tests, Dirt, Photos Prove:

ATMOSPHERE COULD NOT SUPPORT INTELLIGENT LIFE



The latest in a series of remarkably clear photos received this morning from our satellite conclusively establish that "there is no possibility of the existence there of life as we know it," according to the experts.

"We are not ruling out the possibility that some form of subvegetative life exists," said a press release from the board of biologists, humanists, and physicists. "But it is clear from all

the data we have received that a life form capable of thought, movement, or logical perception could not survive in such an environment."

Criticism of the

project continues to grow, however, with disaffected scientists insisting that the data is not conclusive. "For all we know, the other side of the planet might well possess an ecology

(Continued on page 109, col. 6)

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Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal-like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck-both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: \$7.50. Postage included. Send check, money order, American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature. (Tennessee residents add 6% tax.) For a catalog full of old Tennessee items, send 25¢ to above address.

Capitol Hill:

A Hard Man is Good to Find

The current crop of Capitol Hill kiss 'n' tell tales has some underperforming Solons smarting over charges of Congressional impotence.

While many lust-driven secretaries satisfy their sexual urges in the arms of irresistible middle-aged legislators, a small handful of no-show representatives are having the whistle blown on them by sexually unsatisfied clerical workers.

Complains one curvaceous Kennedy staffer: "Oh, sure, he's big and cute, but the

most you'll ever get out of him is a ride in the car and a midnight swim...or both."

Rose Mary Woods, long-time gal Friday to Richard Nixon, claims that the former president never laid a hand on her in eighteen years of service. "I gave him a gap big enough to drive a truck through," said Woods.

"but he never rose to the occasion."

Boyish Frank Church of Idaho regularly ignores advances from Washington play-for-pay gals, preferring his work with Congressional page boys. Said Church in a not-for-attribution comment. "These kids come to Washington not knowing their ass from a hole in the ground. I work with them and when they leave me, they do know the difference between their ass and a hole in the ground."

Africa—Its Five-Year Mission: To Boldly Go Where No Negro Has Ever Gone Before

Flushed with the success of the tremendously important African boycott of the Olympic games, the Organization of African Unity has announced a new protest over the crowning of an Israeli Miss Universe: eighteen African nations intend to withdraw from the universe immediately.

President Idi Amin of Uganda (who still wears Israeli air force wings on his chest and an occasional Sabra on his face) revealed plans for a luxury starship powered by 300,000

Borg Ward lawn mowers and ballasted by a large group of Lugbara tribesmen and English schoolteachers.

While most world leaders adopted a

shocked "wait and see" attitude to the departure of the Negro nations, South African

Prime Minister John Vorster felt that the move would allow for resettlement of "over-

crowded wild animal populations" from Soweto and Sharpeville.

Situation Tents in Mideast

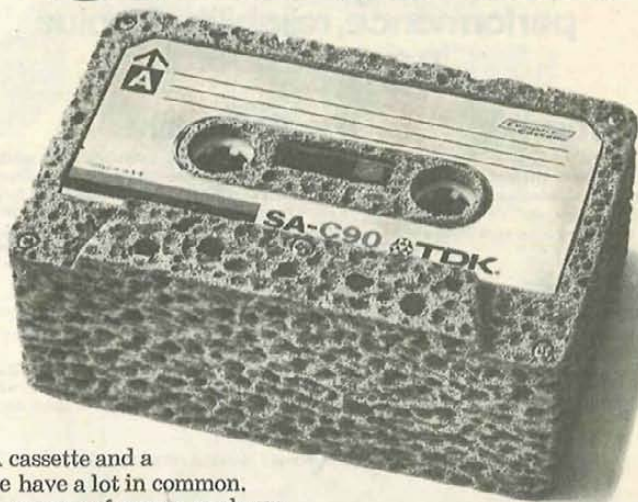
Tel Aviv—The Israeli Government today broke new ground in the search for a Middle East peace settlement. Speaking at a press conference at the border kibbutz of Shalom Tent-Hed Bas Tard, Israeli Transport Minister Yushka Pendrik announced "a bold new plan for the return of the Arabs' ancestral homes."

According to the Israeli plan, a large convoy truck will deliver the ancestral homes of the Arabs to a prearranged delivery depot three miles inside of Lebanon. The ancestral homes consist of an assortment of camel skin tents, number ten can shacks, and millions of Whirlpool washer packing crates formerly occu-

piated by the disinherited Palestinian inhabitants of Israel.

Pendrik advised the Arabs to accept the new offer, adding, "It's a good deal, but I'm sure my partner will go through the ceiling when he gets back from vacation. So I'd jump at it while I still had the chance, if I were an Arab."

THE SOUND SPONGE.



A cassette and a sponge have a lot in common.

A sponge, of course, soaks up water. But a cassette tape soaks up sound. The more it absorbs, the higher the highs and lower the lows when the sound is squeezed out through your machine.

TDK SA (the SA stands for Super Avilyn) is probably the most absorbent cassette tape on the market. Tests by two leading hi-fi magazines prove it soaks up more music and plays it back clearer, cleaner, and crisper than just about any other tape.

That's because nobody's been able to match TDK's process. TDK SA is the first ferric oxide tape improved for use with the chrome

position. (If your machine doesn't have a chrome position, we recommend TDK's AUDUA cassette.)

With either one, the result is beautiful sound up and down the spectrum.

Try Super Avilyn, the sound sponge. You'll be delighted at how much sound you can squeeze out of it.

TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Boulevard, Garden City, New York 11530. Also available in Canada.

 **TDK**

Wait till you hear what you've been missing.



Philadelphians Discovered to be Dead

Philadelphia—The “twin plagues” that struck this city during the first week in August continue to spread unabated. Thus far, nearly ten thousand persons have fallen victim to what one doctor calls “the most devastating epidemic of conservatism I have ever heard of.” Meanwhile, in what may be a related occurrence, about 150 persons have been hospitalized, and over two dozen have died. Whether this is in response to the massive outbreak of conservatism, or because of some other illness, no one can say as yet.

Dr. David Green, chief pathologist at Philadelphia's General Memorial Hospital, has admitted that, as regards the epidemic, doctors and scientists are baffled. “We cannot explain it,” he told a hastily-assembled press conference. “Ten thousand tourists arrive in Philadelphia for sightseeing. Suddenly—and, it seems, spontaneously—they begin calling themselves ‘American Legion

members.’ They have paraded around the city in groups, met in large numbers in the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, and have been heard advocating everything from supporting Ronald Reagan for president to pulling out of the U.N. This is the most severe outbreak of conservatism I have witnessed since the days of Joe McCarthy.

“All the symptoms are there,” Dr. Green continued. “Militant jingoism, rabid patriotism, and so on. One patient even praised what he called ‘our wonderful free enterprise system.’ These people are extremely delusional. And, frankly, short of lobotomy, there is no known cure.”

The other so-called “plague”—what some are calling “Philly phluw”—has claimed over two dozen lives. Scientists are divided on an explanation for this disease, but many link it to the conservatism epidemic. “A healthy organism will take care of itself,” explained Dr. Green. “My personal theory is that the minds and

bodies of these victims are simply responding to the massive outbreaks of American Legionism all around them. The unfortunate thing, of course, is that in so doing, they are bringing about high fevers, swelling of the head, extreme lassitude, and sometimes even death. But to a sane mind, perhaps death itself is preferable to the kind of derangement we're witnessing.”

Others differ with Dr. Green, however. One expert has stated firmly that the cause of the deaths is, in fact, familiar, and has called for the entire city to “smear the blood of the lamb on every doorway and gatepost, and make a joyful noise unto the Lord, even with the harp, flute, sackbut, dulcimer, psaltery, and ram's horn, oh yea.”

Dr. Green does not discount this theory, either. “We just don't know. I could be right in my analysis. Or this lamb's blood treatment may work.” He added, “Of course, it may just be pennant fever.”

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Needless to say, reliability is the most important feature of any sound reinforcement component. Thousands of hours of research and field testing has resulted in Peavey circuit designs and innovations that create equipment that is world famous for trouble free operation. That same “roadability” and reliability know-how is built into the 600 and 600S Mixers.

Value.

We invite you to compare the 600 Mixers feature for feature, dollar for dollar, with anything on the market. The value will speak for itself.

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FBI Case:

FBI Will Not Be Called In

Washington, D.C.—Clarence Kelley, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, stated today that the F.B.I. will not be called into the investigation of acts of burglary, breaking and entering, and unauthorized wiretapping allegedly committed by F.B.I. agents during the past ten years.

“As of the moment,” said Kelley, “we have no evidence that any of the suspects crossed a state line while engaged in any illegal ac-

tivities. Therefore, our records of these activities do not fall under our jurisdiction, and these records are not available to us at this time.”

Mrs. Sadat at Head of Class

Cairo, U.A.R.—Mrs. Anwar Sadat, wife of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, has graduated number one in her class after returning to college at the University of Cairo, announced Mohammed Yuckspit Ratsass, Dean of the University of Cairo's Wife of the President Department.

"Mrs. Sadat have the oh yes very good grades most good can be got very fine," said Dean Ratsass in a recent interview. "Oh my golly yes, she do very good indeed fine yes, my gosh. Sometime there be one hundreds question on the testing and Mrs. Sadat she is get-

ting one hundred fifty of answers right yes," he continued. "She is having been most great smart bright student ever always all right everything correct good you bet not flunking anything leastwise best marks all the time anyhow," concluded Ratsass.

Business as usual

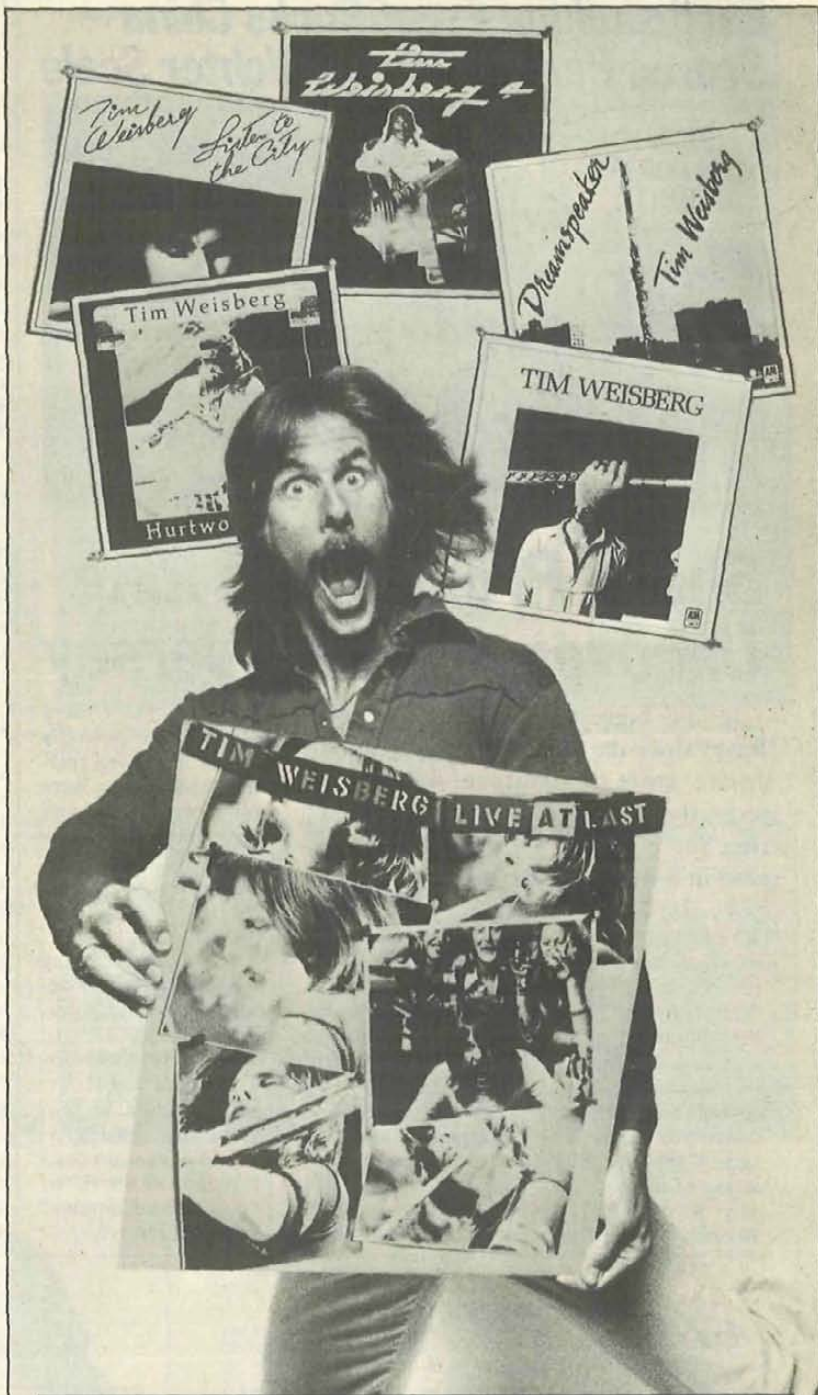
United Brands to Multinationalize Guatemala

Guatemala City, Guatemala (Combined Sources)—United Brands announced today that it will take over a 51 percent interest in the Central American country of Guatemala.

The multinationalization came as no shock to Guatemalan officials, however. "This was an amicable agreement," said president of Guatemala Kjell Eugenio Laugerud. "In no way is this a seizure or expropriation. We've been in negotiations on this matter for some time. We realize that United Brands feels a need to circumscribe what they view as an excess of foreign control of busi-

ness in their corporation. We are very satisfied with the buy-out arrangement, and plan to continue with major business participation in United Brands during the future."

United Brands, which formerly owned a 30 percent interest in this nation's government, will trade long-term corporate bonds and preferred stock for the controlling interest in Guatemala's Guatemalan holdings.



Tim Weisberg "Live At Last!"

Since his emergence as one of the chosen few flutists in pop music, Tim Weisberg has electrified audiences in city after city with his spectacular musicianship. Now, for the first time, all of Tim's show-stoppers have been captured forever in a dynamic live performance with all the delicacy, frenzy, and intensity of the real thing. Be there.

Tim Weisberg "Live At Last!" On A&M Records & Tapes 

Produced by Bob Alcivar

Earthshaking Event Rocks China— Scores Perfect Ten on Richter Scale

WAS IT
GOOD FOR YOU,
LABBIT?



Sheep Prostitution Ring Uncovered in New Jersey

In the biggest scandal to rock New Jersey since the recent disclosure that the entire state legislature was dating seriously, a bizarre sheep prostitution ring, run by a local 4-H club, was discovered in a field near Perth Amboy.

Arrested as the ring-leader and charged with insufficient police payoffs was Christian "Shep" Herder, president of the state 4-H club, and chairman of its powerful clean-up committee.

According to Captain Cassimir Buglovsky of the New Jersey State Police Bestiality Prevention

Unit, the seventeen-year investigation was his most difficult assignment.

"They tried to put the wool over our eyes, but it just wouldn't work," Buglovsky told reporters through an interpreter.

The sheep, none of whom would give their breed names to police, were apparently smug-

gled into the United States from Australia and issued phony grazing papers. They were plied with grass and forced to turn on Jersey Turnpike motorists with offers of "leg of lamb," "sheep thrills," and "shear pleasure." They would then bring their customers to a deserted Howard Johnson's rest stop off Exit 11, cleverly marked by a "Ewe"-turn sign.

In addition to conventional bestiality, there were unconfirmed reports of "skinny sheep dipping" in a local reservoir.



Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

Tarnished Medals. Lasse Viren, heir apparent to Pavo Nurvi's claim to the "Flying Finn" cognomen, garnered two golds in the Montreal Olympics (but finished well behind the American entry in the marathon). But he has been retroactively disqualified as the result of post-Olympic lab tests by a panel of respected sports surgeons. The games were rife with rumors that the Finnish long distance runner received transfusions of his own hemoglobin prior to each contest, and the doctors have confirmed that they did, indeed, find traces of blood in his blood.

Diamond Smugglings. Bum of the Year? That's easy. Tug McGraw, a man with whom, in palmier days, Ole Red was known to hoist a tippie of Jameson, turned as viciously as a snake in the grass and bit the hand that laid the golden egg when he put the knock on M. Donald Grant and the entire splendid Mets organization. They gave the knuckle-headed knuckleballer the best years of their lives, got him the prestigious "You Gotta Believe" Eastern Airlines campaign, even his own comic strip in the odd midwestern weekly. Get smart, McGraw, the Mets didn't "sell" you. They sold your arm, which is what they owned, legally. If you wanted to follow it to Philly, that's *your* tough tit.

Gridiron Red Hots: Woody Hayes, a very old personal buddy of yours truly, has admitted that it was he who blew the whistle on arch-rival Michigan State's unsavory recruiting tactics. The brains of the Buckeyes musta known certain cynics would assume that he had turned in the team that knocked his squad out of the Big Ten Title for insalubrious motives. But Ole Red knows his Woody. And he did it not to win, but purely to cause pain—the pain men need to become *real men*. We couldn't get a confirmation from our chum Hayes, because the coach was in St. Tropez for the weekend with a hot QB prospect from Pittsburgh's St. Stanislaus High.
P.S. God bless!

GOOBERS

WELL, THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN, MARGIE... SOME JUDGE HAS DECIDED TO BUS US INTO KING GRAMMAR SCHOOL WITH ALL THE COONS!



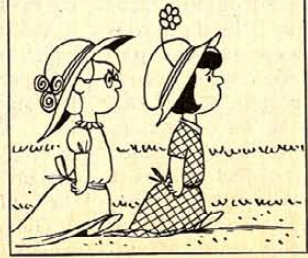
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY, VANILLA VICKI... THE BLACK CHILDREN ARE JUST AS HUMAN AS WE ARE, AND I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING TO KNOW THEM!



MY DAD SAYS THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN A NIGGER IS A SUCK-ASS, NIGGER-LOVING WHITE LIBERAL!



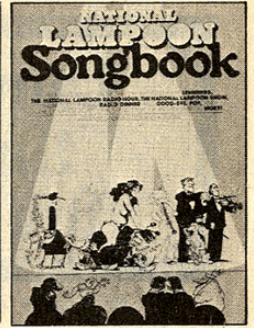
(SIGH) I WISH GARY TRUDEAU WERE DRAWING THIS...



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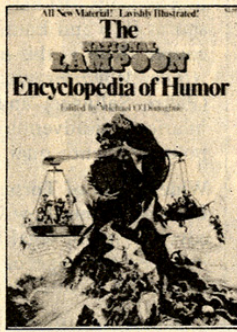
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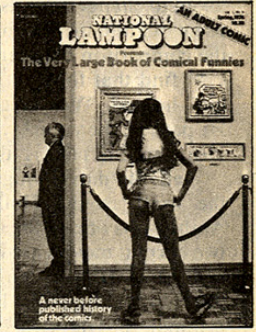
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Down the Tubes

By Harry Zontilokd

Black TV Star "Gets It All Together"

Moving from the violent world of professional football to the equally violent world of show business has never been easy. But, Abdullah Kareem-Anshugar has pulled it off quite well, thank you.

Abdullah, formerly known as Roosevelt Gruyère, all-pro running back for the Los Angeles Rams, is the star of the biggest hit of the new fall television season, "Frontier Negro."

On the series, he portrays the first black forensic doctor in the Tombstone Territory, who brings law and order to the Old West while defending Indian medicinemen against malpractice suits.

Kareem-Anshugar greeted us on the "Negro" set in an outfit of bellbottom buckskin, stack-heeled moccasins, and cornrow feathers. He was about to change into his series costume and asked us to join him in Wardrobe, where he summed up the comparison between his two careers.

"I find that football and acting are very similar," he said. "You've got to act and then react." He paused, then quickly added, "Do you have any idea what I'm talking about?"

Well, the movie moguls obviously do, because the word around Hollywood is that Kareem-Anshugar is one of the hottest actors in town. His two current movies are Paramount's *Black Hitler: Führer of Harlem* and Columbia's *The Soul Brothers Karamazov*. He is slated to play an astronaut in Universal's *Shine on, Harvest Moon*.

"Not bad for one of the twenty-seven kids from Mudhole, Georgia, huh?" he asked proudly. "Actually, we were pretty lucky. Sixteen of my brothers play professional sports, and the rest of us are either singers, dancers, or delegates from emerging African nations.

Kareem-Anshugar, NFL record-holder for most yards gained by a free agent running back in a Monday night overtime game, is quite popular with the other cast members of "Frontier Negro."

Peggy Patti plays the part of a halfbreed Bud-dhist/Scientologist. In the exciting season premiere, Abdullah rescues her from a band of midget Mohicans, cleverly disguised as cacti in a bold attempt to prick her to death.

"Damn, it was a sucker of a scene," Abdullah told us. "I had to do some bad broken-desert running on those little reds. I did a lot of preparation for it, let me tell you. Mostly, I watched Jim Brown's now-classic running scene from *The Dirty Dozen* over and over again in the new movie room of my beautiful beach house in Malibu. You know, both my running and acting styles are very similar to Jim's. And the same tailor makes our dashikis."

Bob Dylan Tours Again!

Why is tonight
like every
other night?

Folk-rock bard Bob Dylan, fresh from his triumphant liberation of accused Negro Hurricane Carter, is putting the finishing touches on a planned winter concert tour of thirty cities to free two other victims of his lyrics, Joey Gallo and Catfish Hunter.

Personnel on the scheduled tour have not been formally announced, but Dylan is certain to hire more of those \$80-a-week unknowns from his beloved "village" to back him up, for sums up to \$80 a week.

Dylan's disco smash, "Joey," has been chosen as the main title track for the fabulous *Godfather* spinoff sitcom premiering in October, and his Catfish ode ("Stuck Inside of Oakland with the Vida Blues Again") could bring Joe Cocker all the way back to obscurity.

Ed Net Peps Sched

The Public Broadcasting System, for years television's main provider of educational, cultural, and avant-garde programming, will undergo a face-lift in the near future. PBS is going after the audience that it could not get with programs such as "The Adams Chronicles," "Theater in America," and "Washington Week in Review."

According to a PBS press release, the network has decided to "slightly alter" its program format with the addition of "progressive" game shows, situation comedies, and celebrity talk shows. The release assures us that "the programs will be of the highest caliber, and will allow PBS personalities to have the exposure that they richly deserve."

Some examples of the new programming:

Bowling for Petro Dollars: A game show with host Alistair Cooke. Contestants to be selected from the U.N. General Assembly.

Bill Buckley Presents: In his new format, the conservative commentator spotlights young right-wing talent. Regulars include announcer William Rusher and the Young Americans for Freedom Orchestra.

The "New" Robert MacNeil Report: In this situation comedy, Robert MacNeil and Sally Quinn star as Rob and Laura Petrie, a typical suburban couple. Rob is the managing editor of *Foreign Affairs Magazine*, assisted by staff writers Buddy (Pierre Salinger) and Sally (Julia Child). The hilarious misadventures of trying to put together a political science quarterly will provide the laughs.

Wide World of Torts: With host Archibald Cox. Each week the show will travel from city to city, covering major legal happenings. The first show includes coverage of the New York State Bar Exam and an interview with Petrocelli.

Best of luck to PBS. It's about time that television had some new ideas!



Olga Corbett, darling of Munich and disappointment of Montreal, begins the long trek home. Olga is shown below on the road back to her village of Chimceek, Russia. Officials expect the former star athlete to arrive in Moscow about six days before the start of the 1980 Olympics, "in good shape."

Most low 'tar' cigarettes have no taste.

A lot of new cigarettes give you low 'tar' and nicotine numbers. But I can't taste numbers. What I can taste is Winston Lights. I get lower 'tar' and nicotine. But I still get real taste. And real pleasure. For me, Winston Lights are for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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BSR. Finally, turntables worth building your whole system around.

When most people consider buying a stereo component system, they usually build it around either the receiver or the speakers. But when serious music lovers choose a system, they should think of the turntable first. Because the turntable dictates what comes out of the speakers. And when it comes to turntables, BSR offers more than Dual, BIC or Garrard.

First of all, the new BSR turntables are *belt-driven*, so they're engineered to be smooth, quiet and virtually trouble-free. They play automatically *and* manually. And to really turn the tables on our competitors, BSR includes the revolutionary ADC induced magnetic cartridge, the base *and* the dust cover in the price of the turntable.

BSR gives you still more. Like a *locking umbrella spindle*

*Suggested manufacturer's retail prices including ADC induced magnet cartridge, base and dust cover.

that holds up to six records. A rotating single play spindle. A continuous repeat spindle so you can play your favorite record over and over again. And a *viscous damped cueing mechanism* that's smooth and precise to help protect your records.

What's more, BSR turntables are *pre-tested* and *pre-assembled*. So you can get down to the serious business of listening to your favorite music right away. And also enjoy another special feature; the price.* Under \$140 for the 200 BAX, \$110 for the 100 BAX and under \$100 for the 20 BPX automated single play turntable.

If you consider yourself a serious music lover who wants brilliant sound reproduction, consider BSR first. For full details see your dealer or write: Consumer Products Group, BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.



Canadian Corner



Dear Mom and Dad,

I guess this is the hardest letter I've ever had to write. By now you must know that I'm down here in the States, and am renouncing my Canadian citizenship. I don't know if you can ever forgive me, but I'd like to explain, so that maybe, someday, you'll understand.

In some ways, I feel that Canada left me before I left Canada, if you know what I mean. I could no longer regard a country that wouldn't let tiny, beleaguered Taiwan into the Olympics as a nation state with the values you'd brought me up to believe in. Do you realize that with one selfish, thoughtless stroke of a bureaucratic pen, the leaders of your government had denied me forever the possibility of getting involved in a land war in Asia? It was stupid. The same logic that says the Taiwanese aren't Chinese would argue that the Iroquois aren't Canadian, or that the Palestinians aren't Zionists. I just plain couldn't go along with it, eh?

And it made me think about other things, the gradual erosion of the way of life you'd taught me to respect. First, the precious doctor-patient relationship was destroyed by Canada's so-called national health plan, which meant, in effect, that anybody, just anybody, could get into a hospital just because they were sick. Then *Time* magazine, that pithy, witty, and informed journal, was thrown out of Canada by a shortsighted government that *Time* itself had helped elect. Ingrates, curs, turning and biting the hand that fed them! Was that the Canadian way? Was that the kind of behavior that had made Canada a byword for *nice* wherever passports are bought and sold? No!

But still, I thought, "My country. May she always be right. But my country, even a little left of center."

And I went on being a Canadian, even when the attorney general of Ontario went around snatching the *National Lampoon* magazine off the

continued

BSR THE HEART OF YOUR SYSTEM.



What if there were a list?

**A list that said:
Our finest actors
weren't allowed to act.
Our best singers
weren't allowed to sing.
Our funniest comedians
weren't allowed
to make us laugh.**

It would be like America in 1953.



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A PERSKY-BRIGHT/DEVON FEATURE

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS



Canadian Corner

continued

shelves of Max's Milk Stores. Oh, I asked myself, "Why doesn't he stay on the hockey rink, where he belongs?" but I still wasn't willing to make a run for the border.

Then I read in the *Globe and Mail* how the prime minister declared that the team from Rhodesia couldn't come to Canada and participate in the Paraplegic Olympics! I ask you!

Any government that would let a desire to kiss the boots of Chairman Mao come between some prospective gimp Olympian and his or her desire to play—any nation that would rather sell wheat to Orientals than permit cripples to compete—any state that would play politics with polio—just isn't the kind of country I can, well, "stand on guard for."

Remember that day I came home from school and started in saying all those things about how rotten the Nazis were? And you patiently explained to me about Dr. Goebbel's withered leg, and how we mustn't let politics interfere with our compassion for the handicapped?

Well, I learned a valuable lesson from you that day, Mom and Dad. I

learned that a boot grinding into a human face forever isn't such a bleak vision if it's an orthopedic boot. And a black face. So when our home and native land couldn't agree to set petty politics aside for the sake of some fun in the sun for the amputees and birth defected of Rhodesia (many of whom, you may be sure, have been training for years for such events as the hop, skip, and sprawl, wheelchair water polo, and the crutch vault), I knew I had to defect.

The United States immigration people have been as nice as can be. And after I was waved past by those sleepy, inefficient Canadian border guards, I can assure you they were a welcome sight, armed to the teeth and as alert as Benzedrine can make you.

Right away they treated me to a free medical exam—quite rightly, they don't want people bringing contagious prostate diseases into the country—and they took custody of my hay fever and allergy pills for a while. When I told them I wanted political asylum, one of the officers made quite a few jokes around the word asylum, and had us all laughing for a while.

Then they wanted to know if I had any money, and I showed them the

five hundred dollars Uncle Roger gave me for graduating, but they pointed out that it was Canadian money, not real money, and I couldn't use it down here, and took custody of that, too.

Then I just had to spit at a portrait of the Queen, walk over the Canadian flag, and give them a list of Air Canada and CBC personnel working down here. It was the least I could do.

So here I am, Mom and Dad, and here I'll stay.

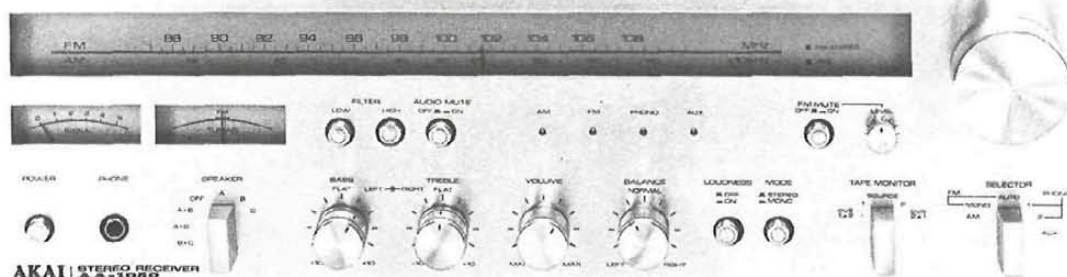
I have already turned down an offer from the State Department to be swapped for this draft dodger who crossed the border the other way three years ago with some compromising photographs of the Hoover-Tolson love nest.

And there's no point sending the mounties after me, because I'm living on the twenty-third floor, and they'll never get their horses into the elevator.

I still drink a quart of milk every day, Mom, and Dad, I haven't found work yet, and I had a date the other night but the girl fell asleep right there in the restaurant, so I guess you could say that deep down I'm still your Canadian boy.

Sean

ANOTHER STRONG STATEMENT FROM AKAI!



This is our AA-1050. Our top-of-the-line stereo receiver. It's part of Akai's new line of Stereo and Quad receivers, the Akai 1000 Series. We believe it's the finest line of receivers, for the money, in the business.

Like all our receivers, the AA-1050 was built with the same commitment to quality that made Akai tape equipment internationally famous. We honestly don't see how the AA-1050 can miss. We haven't

found another receiver that comes on, for the price, with better sound or better performance. Or better styling. If you think we look good in this ad, you ought to see us up close. Clean. Brushed aluminum. Beautiful.

The strength of Akai. It's in our AA-1050. It's in our 1000 Series. With power output from 14 to 80 watts per channel, there's an Akai receiver made for you. So you can make your own strong statement.

AKAI
COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai 1000 Series from \$300 to \$900. For more information write Akai America Ltd., 2139 East Del Amo Boulevard, Compton, California 90220.



LOOK AT US NOW

Our Unitorque™ Motor means low wow and flutter.

We developed our exclusive Unitorque Motor to reduce wow and flutter to a remarkably low 0.025%. One of the lowest in the industry.

In simple terms, wow and flutter is a wavering in sound. And since Unitorque reduces wow and flutter, when you hear a sustained note — whether it's on a piano or bass — with the Hitachi PS/48 Turntable it is smooth. Consistent. And clean.

We achieved this breakthrough by developing an extremely accurate direct

drive DC servo control motor. It utilizes a specially designed speed deviation detection system. This assures precise, virtually constant speed.

The new Hitachi PS/48 Turntable. With specs this good, it turns the tables on other turntables.

Audio Component Division, Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, 401 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220.



HITACHI
Believably Better

INTRODUCING A SOUND YOU'LL NEVER FORGET ...FROM A NAME YOU'LL NEVER REMEMBER.

We call it the Meriton HF-2105. You'll call it terrific. Because the sound of the HF-2105 is really something to listen to.

Especially with a hefty 6 watts per channel min. RMS into 8 ohms, from 60Hz to 12kHz with no more than 2% total harmonic distortion. That's enough power to fill even a big room with big sound.

You can also hear your favorite pre-recorded cassettes. Or you can make your own. Because the HF-2105 has a built-in cassette recorder that works the way other cassette recorders don't: easily. With one touch recording, automatic level controls and automatic shut-off at the end of the tape.

We'll also improve your record collection: With a deluxe BSR 3-speed

automatic record changer. Complete with both magnetic cartridge and diamond stylus.

And if you like hearing superb AM/FM and FM stereo you'll love the HF-2105's tuner section. Because it has everything you need to pull in FM stations that are too weak or too far to make it on their own.

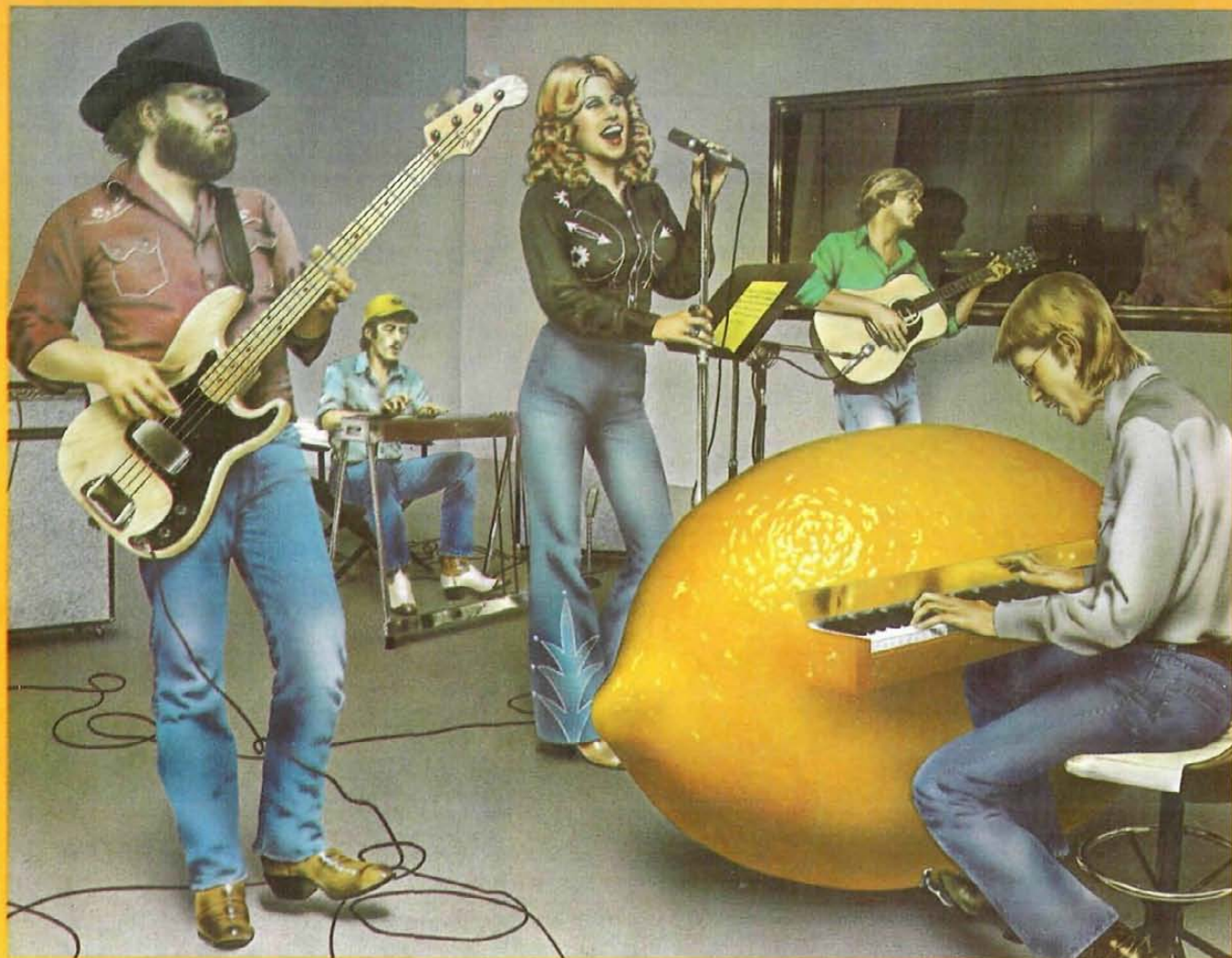
But no matter what kind of music you listen to the HF-2105 has all the speaker you need. Like two 2-way tuned port speaker systems. Each with an 8" woofer and 2 1/4" tweeter. That means you hear all the bass. All the highs. And everything in between. So if you would like to have the kind of sound you'll never forget, audition the Meriton HF-2105. Because after all, a terrific name won't give you great sound. A terrific system will.



meriton®

MERITON ELECTRONICS INC. 35 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

What's wrong with this picture?

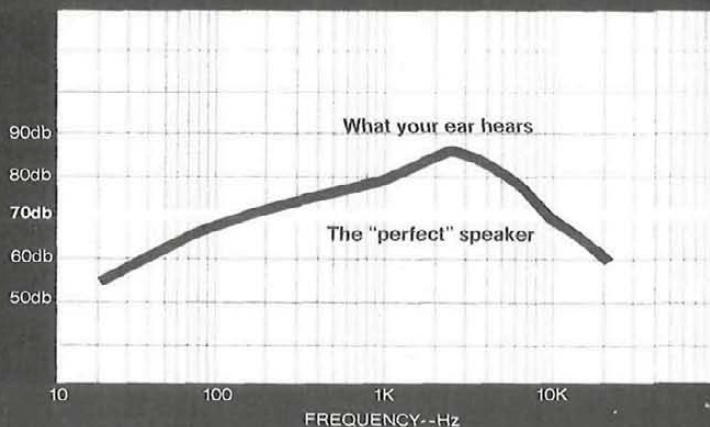


1. The singer isn't married to her manager, and she does her own hair.
2. The A&R man can read music.
3. The steel guitar player didn't see *Nashville*.
4. The engineer is asleep.
5. A lemon won't jack straight into the mixing board like a Rhodes. A lemon doesn't sound great when you add extra keyboards, wa wa pedals, phase shifters, equalizers or echodevices like a Rhodes can. A lemon doesn't come with stereo vibrato. A lemon can't adapt quickly to the sounds you need to record country one session, rock the next, MOR, classical or jazz. 82% of the hitmakers 260 weeks in a row* don't feature a lemon. They feature a Rhodes. Most pros wouldn't record on anything else. Only guys you'll never hear of would record on a lemon.

You can do it all with a **Rhodes**

For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to Rhodes, Box 17479, Irvine, Ca 92713

*... Billboard Magazine top 10 LP's with electric or electronic pianos.



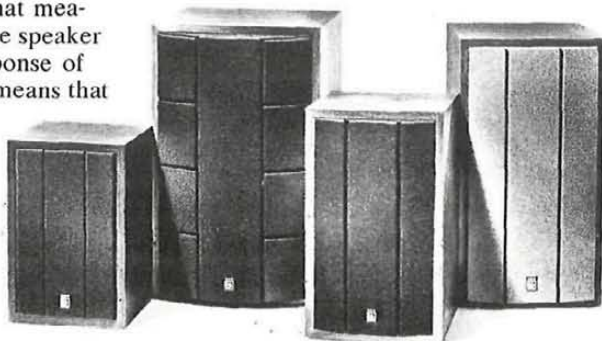
**This is the "flat" response curve
produced by a theoretically perfect loudspeaker
...as your ear hears it!**

Surprising? What's more, even that curve would change dramatically with the loudness of the music. That's because your hearing changes with sound pressure level, diminishing your ability to discern bass and treble tones. So, when you adjust your speaker system and amplifier tone controls to the way you prefer to listen to music in your home, that musical balance is immediately disturbed the moment you turn the level control of your amplifier for softer or louder output.

This happens with all speakers...except B-I-C VENTURI™ speaker systems with exclusive Dynamic Tonal Balance Compensation (pat. pend.). A special circuit is incorporated in our speaker systems that measures the amplifier power being delivered to the speaker and *automatically* adjusts the frequency response of the speaker to the speaker output level. This means that the sound you hear remains aurally "flat," regardless of how loud or soft you play your music. This is a more sophisticated and accurate method of solving the problem than the simple loudness contour switch on an amplifier which is a fixed rate device. That type control can never be effectively matched to speakers with differing characteristics.

This is just one of several exclusive engineering developments you will find in B-I-C VENTURI speaker systems to insure clean, extended bass; smooth, distortion-free mid and treble response; wide-angle dispersion for uncritical speaker positioning and room placement; high efficiency and high power handling capability for wider musical dynamic range and better *amplifier* performance.

Want to know more? Write to B-I-C VENTURI, Westbury, N.Y. 11590 for our free 20-page "Consumer's Guide to Loudspeaker Performance."



Canadian inquiries to
C.W. Pointon, Ontario,
B-I-C VENTURI and
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B-I-C VENTURI™
S P E A K E R S Y S T E M S



11/96

FUNNY PAGES

NUTS

CHRISTMAS WAS GREAT, WITH THE PRESENTS AND ALL, BUT HALLOWE'EN WAS THE DAY THAT BELONGED TO KIDS, BECAUSE GROWN-UPS DIDN'T REALLY SEEM TO GET IT AND, FOR ONCE, LEFT IT ALONE.

ALRIGHT, CLASS, NOW WE SHALL WORK ON HOW WE USE WORDS. COME UP HERE, HENRY.

YES, MISS SPATE.

THE SENTENCE READS, "THE GHOST SAID BOO." WHICH OF THE WORDS IS THE VERB?

GHOST? NO.

BOO? NO.

THE? NO.

WAIT A MINUTE!!!

WHAT'S THAT YOU HAVE BACK THERE? YES, YOU!

SAID?

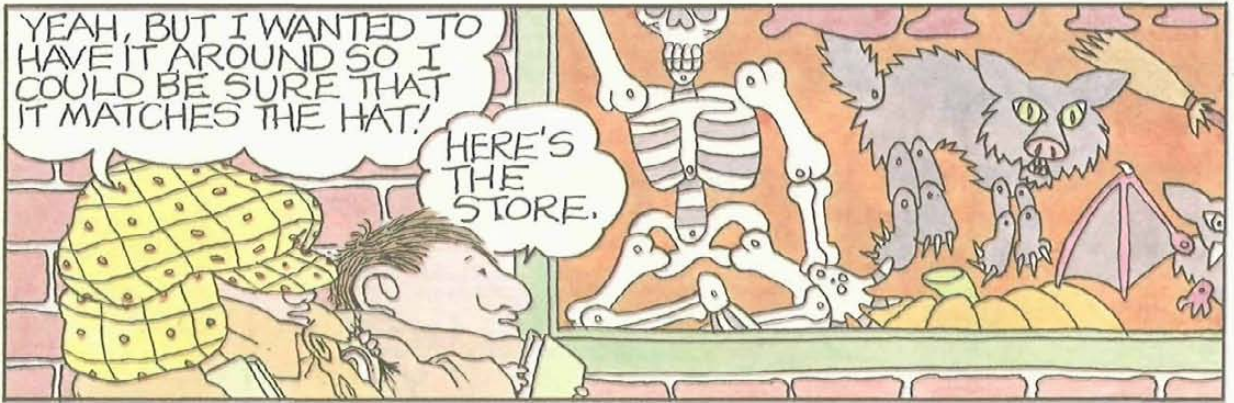
NOTHING, MISS SPATE!

BOY, SHE WOULD'VE GOT YOU IF THE CLASS BELL HADN'T RUNG!

JEEZ-I KNOW! SHE WAS HALF-WAY TO MY SEAT!

THAT WOULD HAVE REALLY BEEN SWELL, IF SHE'D GOT HOLD OF THIS!

WELL, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT TO SCHOOL!



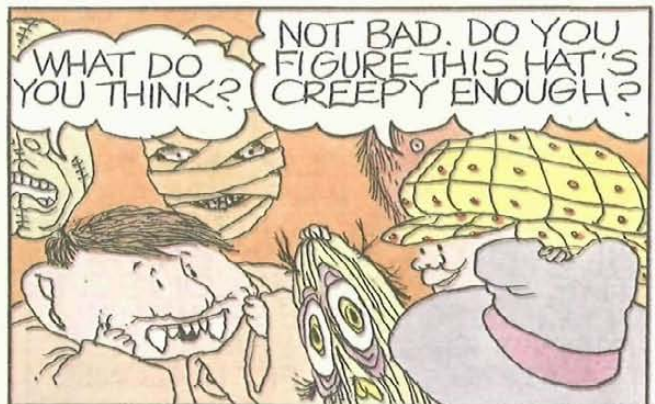
YEAH, BUT I WANTED TO HAVE IT AROUND SO I COULD BE SURE THAT IT MATCHES THE HAT!

HERE'S THE STORE.



GEE, I REALLY LIKE IT IN HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR!

HEY—I FORGOT TO GET SOME VAMPIRE TEETH!



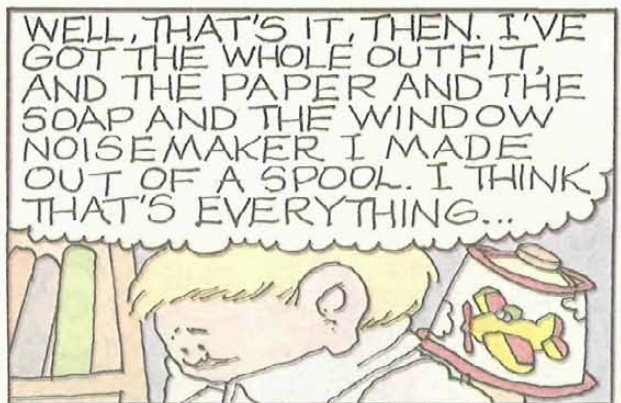
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

NOT BAD. DO YOU FIGURE THIS HAT'S CREEPY ENOUGH?



OK, SEE YOU TONIGHT!

SEE YOU TONIGHT!



WELL, THAT'S IT, THEN. I'VE GOT THE WHOLE OUTFIT, AND THE PAPER AND THE SOAP AND THE WINDOW NOISEMAKER I MADE OUT OF A SPOOL. I THINK THAT'S EVERYTHING...



DINNER'S READY!

OK.

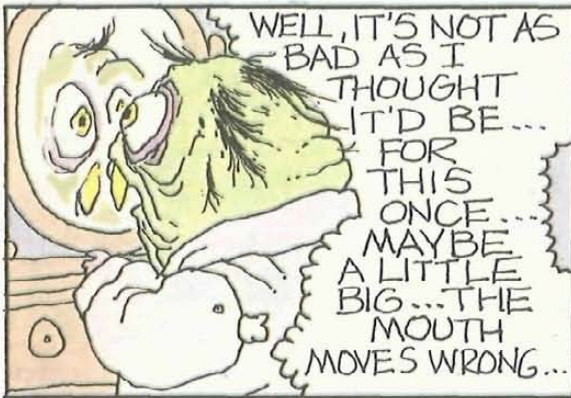


ARE YOU ALL SET FOR TRICK AND TREATING WITH YOUR FRIENDS?

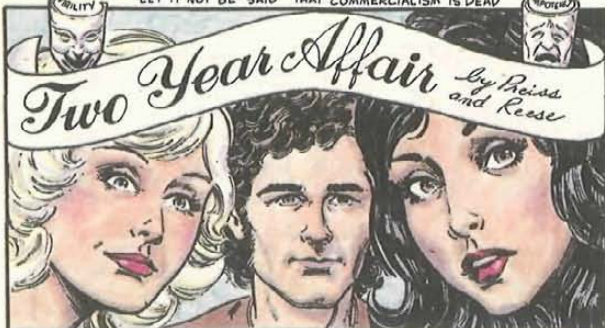
DON'T GET INTO ANY TROUBLE OR BREAK ANYTHING, OK?

YES.

NO.







THIS IS THE STORY OF SUSAN AND GAIL AND MICHAEL AND THEIR AFFAIR WHICH LASTS EXACTLY TWO YEARS. PRELUDE! 7:30 PM. AN APARTMENT.

EXACTLY TWO YEARS FROM TODAY, THE TWO CHARACTERS YOU SEE ABOVE WILL TERMINATE THEIR--WAIT A MINUTE--WHO'S THAT OTHER GIRL? HUH? OH, REALLY? THAT COMPLICATED? HMM--ALL RIGHT-- GET ON WITH IT-- IT'S YOUR STRIP!



GET OUT! JUST GET OUT-- AND TAKE YOUR "MUSCLE OF LOVE" WITH YOU!

ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING!



THE NEXT TIME YOU FIND SOME BABE HUNGRY FOR AFFECTION, MAKE SURE YOU TELL HER THAT THERE'S NO LONG-TERM COMMITMENT ATTACHED!



-- AND DON'T FORGET THIS!



BITCH

SLAM!



7:50 PM. ACROSS TOWN. BEAST! BEAST! I CAN TAKE NO MORE! MY MIND CRIES OUT IN A FURY OF WASTED AFFECTION!



ARRRRGH!



AGAIN, GAIL-- ONLY THIS TIME, LET'S SEE A LITTLE MORE EMOTION?



MORE EMO--?



SLAM!

AND ANOTHER TV HOUSEWIFE BITES THE DUST!



HELLO, SUSAN? GAIL. LET ME AT MAX'S. I'VE JUST WALKED OUT ON FEINSTEIN'S CLASS!



7:58 PM. ANOTHER APARTMENT. MAX'S! I HOPE GAIL ISN'T PLANNING ON GETTING DRUNK AGAIN! SHE ALWAYS LETS HERSELF GET PICKED UP WHEN SHE'S THAT WAY-- AND MAX'S IS JUST THE PLACE TO LET IT HAPPEN!



YOU'D THINK THEY'D ALL GET TIRED OF PLAYING GAMES--

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT GUYS SEE IN THOSE PLACES



-- BUT I GUESS THEY'RE BETTER THAN BEING ALO--

NO THEY'RE NOT!

YOU'RE A HOOKER?

NO--

DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU DID IT FOR MONEY?

I'M A SEMEN ENGINEER.

ARE YOU RICH?

NO, NO, THAT WAS JUAN MARACHAL--'65!

OH, SUSAN!

SO HOW BIG IS IT?

YOU EVER SEE A 9-IRON?

CAN I BUY YOU A DRINK?

-- CAN YOU KEEP IT UP FOR 40 MINUTES?

NO, BUT I'LL LIVE OFF YOUR INCOME.

SO HE SAYS TO ME, 'I'D LIKE TO DROP IN SOME OF YOUR HALFTONES--'

YOU'D LIKE MY BROTHER-- HE'S A DOCTOR AND A LAWYER.

© 1978 P.P.P. INC.

Chickie-Gutz

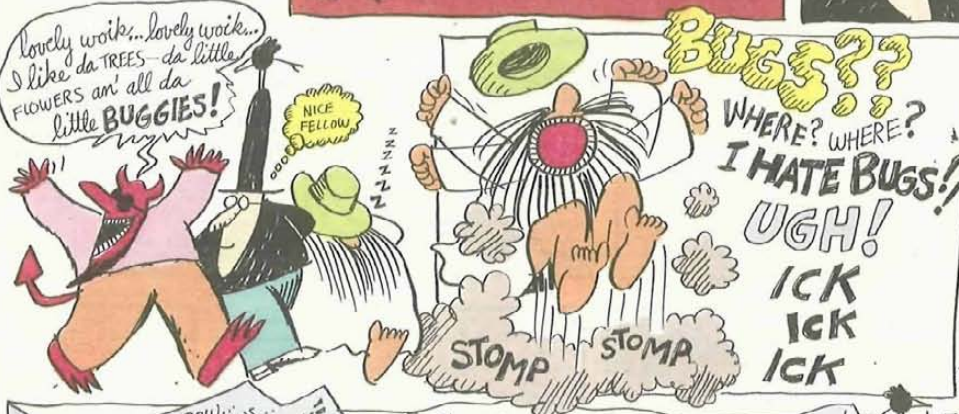
at last... TECHNICAL!

Wow!!

RANDY LOVES THE WEASEL.

by E N O S

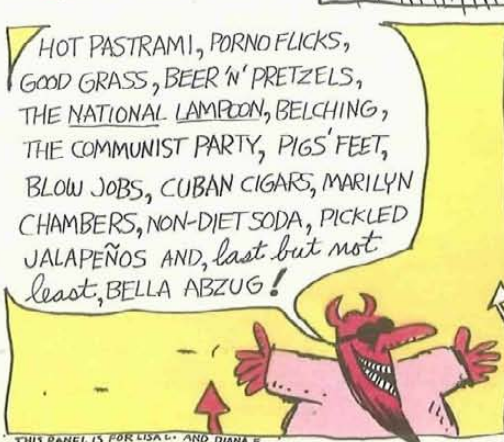
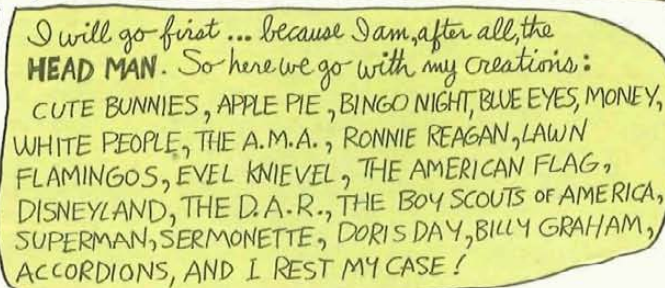
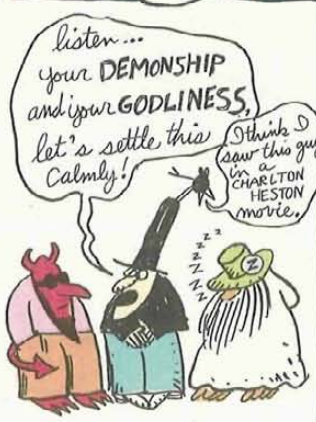
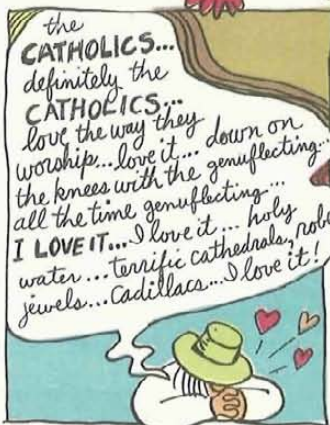
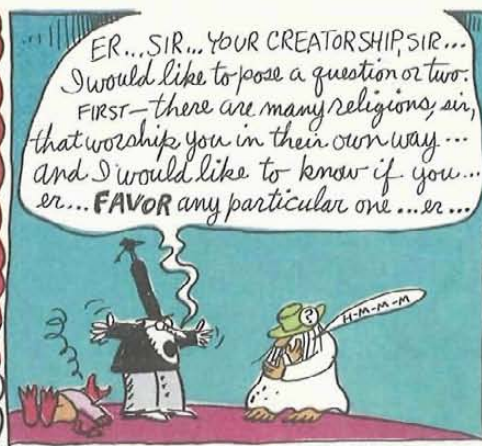
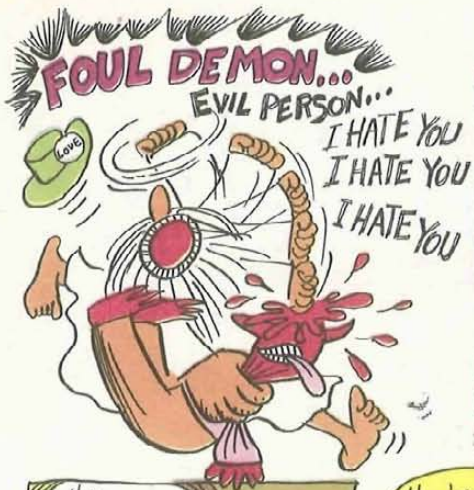
Our hero, Chicken Gutz (no middle initial), actually has a conversation with the Devil and "Mr. Big" himself.



LET US PAUSE FOR JUST A MOMENT, DEAR READERS, FOR "INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE"! A CERTAIN KENNY KNIGHT, (OBVIOUSLY A PSEUDONYM), ACTUALLY PUT PENTO PAPER AND WROTE TO THIS PERIODICAL REQUESTING THAT HIS OWN NAME AND THAT OF HIS ALLEGED GIRL FRIEND CAROLE BE PLACED IN THIS STRIP. FANTASTIC YOU SAY... YES... BUT ~~STRIVE~~.



THIS PANEL IS FOR LEANN THEACTRESS... LOVE OF MY LIFE.



THIS PANEL IS FOR USA AND DIANA P.

EVIL WINS AGAIN.

HONOR OUR OFFER!

Is this the end of the National Lampoon?

If the National Lampoon that you've come to know and love cost you only \$4.95 for a twelve-month subscription, then this is the end. Curtains. Don't whine and beg. It won't do any good. Starting Jan. 1, 1977, the price of a subscription is going up. How far will it go? That's up to the Unseen Hand that guides the Free Market. It will probably go up more than a box of Special K and less than a Chevy Vega. One thing is for sure, this is positively your last chance to get NL at the ridiculously low price of \$4.95 for a whole year. So fill out the card and send it in. \$4.95 will still buy you eighty ounces of humor. At ninety-nine cents a pound, it's cheaper than good hamburger. But not for long...

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635 Madison Avenue
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ODD BODKINS



Sez Fred, "...the only Dangerous Wish is the Wish That Comes True..." "but the only way to begin is To Begin..." sez Hugh..

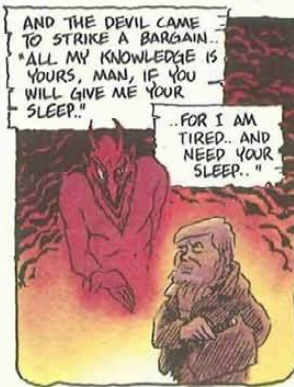


OJBoutrins

DEEP IN THE FOREST WHERE THE SWAMP GRASS GROWS LIVES A FELLOW WITH A TAIL AND A LONG POINTY NOSE

HIS CLAWS ARE LONG AND HIS EYES ARE GREEN HE SITS IN THE SHADOWS WHERE HE CAN'T BE SEEN

HE WAITS UNTIL YOU'VE GONE TO SLEEP AND THEN HE TRIES THE LATCH AND IF THE DOOR ISN'T SHUT REAL TIGHT YOU GET CARRIED OFF... BY MR. SCRATCH



O'NEILL/HANCOCK

Oaa Bodkins

DON'T GO WANDERING IN THE WOODS, LITTLE BURGER"
 THE MAMA BURGER SAID
 "THE BATWINGED HAMBURGER SNATCHER WILL GETCHA
 AND RIP OFF YOUR LITTLE HEAD.
 HE HAS THOSE ANGRY FITS AND WILL TEAR YOU INTO BITS
 SO DON'T GO WANDERING IN THE WOODS, LITTLE BURGER"
 THE MAMA BURGER SAID. —SONG OF THE MAMA HAMBURGER

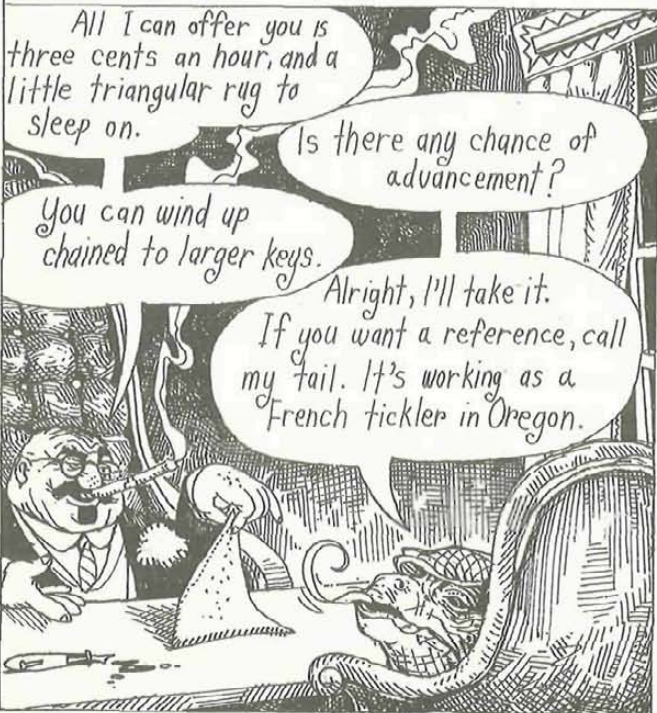


THE LIZARD'S HEAD

by - ED BLUESTONE

art - Randy Jones '75..

A few days after the stock market crash of 1929, a destitute lizard's head applies for a job as a key chain.



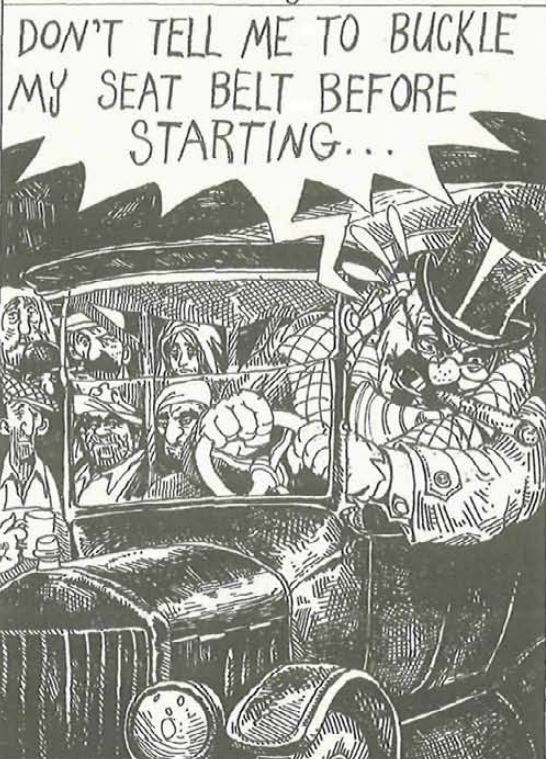
All I can offer you is three cents an hour, and a little triangular rug to sleep on.

Is there any chance of advancement?

You can wind up chained to larger keys.

Alright, I'll take it. If you want a reference, call my tail. It's working as a French tickler in Oregon.

He starts out chained to car keys, but doesn't last a day.



DON'T TELL ME TO BUCKLE MY SEAT BELT BEFORE STARTING...

Three years later, the head emerges as a singer-pianist in a Cleveland cocktail lounge. He has taught himself to hang over the piano on an elastic band, dive into the keyboard, and sing on the rebound.



Ladies & Gentlemen, here's a number that the great Bessie Smith taught to my right leg when he was in Chicago. Then she scratched her armpit with him. YOWSAH.

Ethel, getting rid of that head was the mistake of a lifetime.

The mistake of a lifetime was not hiring his tail.

ZOO TRAMP MARIE GETS PUT AWAY!

by ED SUBITZKY

IN THE CITY OF MAINVILLE, SAM T. JONES, RISING YOUNG POLITICIAN, CAMPAIGNS!

FOR TOO LONG HAS THIS FINE COMMUNITY PUT UP WITH ITS NOTORIOUS ZOO TRAMPS!

AYE!

YES!

WE AGREE!

IF YOU ELECT ME YOUR NEXT MAYOR, I PROMISE TO RELIEVE OUR FAIR CITY OF THESE USELESS, GERM-CARRYING TRAMPS AT ONCE!

GOOD!

YES!

YOU GET MY VOTE, MAC!

I VOW TO CLEAN OUT OUR BELOVED ZOO ONCE AND FOR ALL SO THAT DECENT CITIZENS MAY SEE THE ANIMALS UNDISTURBED, IN THEIR NATURAL, TRAMP-LESS HABITAT!

BLESS SAM T. JONES!

PRaise BE TO HEAVEN!

MEANWHILE, HAVING NO CONCEPTION AT ALL OF THE DANGER FACING HER, ZOO TRAMP MARIE CONTINUES HER NORMAL DAILY ROUTINE!

DOG DO

ASS

FUCK

SHIT

PISS

COCK

TURD

WE SWITCH NOW TO THE HOME OF YOUNG TIMMY TYLER, LEADING STRAIGHT-A SCIENCE STUDENT AND PLUTONIUM MEDAL WINNER IN THE OFFICIAL MAINVILLE SCIENCE FAIR!

GEE, I'M BORED WITH MY EQUATIONS TONIGHT, EVEN MY FAVORITE.

$$z^3 ct = \int_a^b x^9 dx!$$

DAD AND MOM, WHY DO I FIND EVEN FOURTH QUADRATIC INTEGRALS SUDDENLY UNFULFILLING?

WELL, SON, IT'S LIKE THIS... THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY YOUNG MAN'S LIFE...

IS THAT NORMAL TIME OR WITH RELATIVISTIC CORRECTION?

TIMMY MAKES HIS VERY FIRST CALL TO A GIRL FOR A DATE!

HI, ANNETTE? THIS IS TIMMY TYLER, AND I KNOW ALL THE PARAMETERS OF BOYLE'S LAW!

AND HIS SECOND!

IF YOU GO OUT WITH ME SATURDAY, I'LL CALCULATE THE ANGULAR MOMENTUM OF YOUR BATON!

FINALLY, IN DESPAIR, TIMMY GOES TO HIS SCHOOL COUNSELOR!

TIMMY, YOU'RE A SCIENTIST! I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BROCHURE THAT JUST ARRIVED IN THE MAIL!

"COMPUTER DATING, HUH?"

WHAT'S THAT?

MEANWHILE

MOMMY, IS THAT STRANGE LADY ONE OF THE ANIMALS?

DISGRACEFUL! I'M VOTING FOR SAM T. JONES FOR MAYOR!

FUCK

PISS

RECTUM

TIMMY FILLS OUT HIS FORM!

LET'S SEE... I LIKE SPORTS EVENTS IN QUASI-PARABOLIC ARENAS, I DON'T LIKE WATCHING BEACH PARTY MOVIES (WHATEVER THEY ARE) AND I'D RATHER GO TO THE ZOO THAN A COCKTAIL PARTY!

WELL, MAYBE NOW MY LONELY LIFE WILL AT LAST BE OVER!

MEANWHILE, ZOO TRAMP MARIE CONTINUES IN HER NORMAL ROUTINE!

FUCK

SHIT

PISS

DICK

SCUM

FINALLY, AN ECSTATIC TIMMY GETS HIS CALL!

YOU SAY YOU'RE A LONELY GIRL MATH MAJOR WHOSE FAVORITE EQUATION IS ALSO $z^3 ct = \int_a^b x^9 dx$ AND, BECAUSE YOU ALSO PREFER THE ZOO TO A COCKTAIL PARTY, I SHOULD MEET YOU AT THE ZOO FRONT ENTRANCE ON NOV. 5TH AT 4 P.M.!

WE SWITCH THE SCENE NOW HIGH ON A HILL TO THE OFFICIAL MAINVILLE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTION!



DR. MATHERS, THE INMATES ARE RESTLESS AGAIN!

EH? WHY SO?

WELL, THEY CLAIM WE DISCRIMINATE AGAINST THE NAPOLEONS BY ONLY GIVING CHOCOLATE CAKE TO THE JULIUS CAESARS!



WELL, GIVE THEM ALL SOME THORAZINE AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

ON NOV. 5TH, IN A NEARBY TOWN, A PRETTY YOUNG TEENAGE GIRL IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HER HOUSE WHEN SHE GETS A VISIT!



ARE YOU CINDY ALLEN, THE GIRL WHO WON THE "T" PRIZE AT YOUR TOWN'S OFFICIAL MATH MEET?

WHY, YES!

I'M PROUD TO TELL YOU YOU HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE CHOSEN TO WORK ON A TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROJECT! YOU MUST COME WITH US RIGHT NOW!

CAN I MAKE ONE CALL FIRST?

SORRY! A SECRET IS A SECRET!

WITH A LIGHT AND HAPPY HEART, TIMMY ARRIVES AT THE ZOO FOR HIS FIRST DATE!



GEE! IT'S NOT LIKE A MATH MAJOR TO BE LATE! I WONDER WHERE SHE IS!

THAT MUST BE HER!



PISS ASSHOLE TURD BITCH

FUCK

SHIT

I WONDER WHAT KIND OF SCIENCE SHE'S TALKING ABOUT! THE TERMS ARE UNFAMILIAR!

MAYBE SHE TOOK UP ANTHROPOLOGY!

$$\int_a^b ax^2 dx = \frac{ax^3}{3} \Big|_a^b$$

FUCK

$$z^2 = \beta^2 t$$

SHIT

$$e^m = n^m$$

PISS

$$\cos \theta = \frac{d}{dt} \theta$$

COCK

I'VE... I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER IN MY LIFE!

SAM T. JONES HAS WON THE ELECTION UNANIMOUSLY!

AS PROMISED, SHALL NOW CARRY OUT THE MANDATE OF THE VOTERS!

THAT VERY HOUR, THE TOWN ZOO TRAMPS ARE ROUNDED UP AND, BECAUSE THE TOWN PRISON IS FULL, ARE SENT TO THE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTION!

I THINK, 'CEPTIN ZOO TRAMP MARIE, MR. JONES, YOUR NEW HONOR!

SPARE NO COST, BUT BRING HER IN AT ONCE!

I... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PUT THIS INTO AN EQUATION, BUT... I LOVE YOU! WILL YOU MARRY ME?

FUCK

SHIT

UTERINE DEVICE

ALL RIGHT, YOUSE TWO! REACH!

BUT WE'RE NOT ZOO TRAMPS! I'M TIMMY TYLER, STRAIGHT-A SCIENCE STUDENT AND PLUTONIUM MEDAL WINNER IN THE MAINVILLE SCIENCE FAIR!

A LIKELY STORY!

AT TIMMY'S HOME, WHEN HE DOESN'T RETURN

WELL, I GUESS OUR SON HAS BEEN TAPPED FOR THAT TOP-SECRET GOVERNMENT PROJECT OF WHICH RUMOR HAS BEEN GOING AROUND!

SOB! I'LL MISS HIM, BUT I KNOW IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE U.S.A.!

THERE, THERE MARGARET!

AT MAINVILLE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTION, TIMMY AND MARIE MEET THEIR FELLOW INMATES!



HI!

HI! I'M NAPOLEON!

I'M ALSO NAPOLEON!

I'M JULIUS CAESAR!

I'M CLEOPATRA!

I'M A MARTIAN!

I'M THE NUMBER 7!

I'M MY PARENTS!

I'M A PITH HELMET!

I'M A THERMOMETER!

I'M A SCHOOL SYS-TEM!

I'M HALF A CLOTHES HANGER!

I'M ROOM 80W!

I'M THE LINEN CLOSET!

I'M EDGAR ALLAN POE!

I'M A SHOE!

I'M THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

I'M ONLY THE CHRYSLER BUILDING!

I'M THE CRAB NEBULA!

I FORGET WHAT I AM!

I'M ALL THE OTHERS!

THE YEARS PASS AND TIMMY'S MOTHER STARES WISTFULLY AT THE CEILING!

SEEKING TO LOSE HERSELF IN A HOBBY, SHE JOINS THE OFFICIAL MAINVILLE MASH-IONG SOCIETY AND BEFRIENDS AN AGATHA ALLEN, WHO IS THERE FOR THE SAME REASON!

MEANWHILE, THE REST OF MAINVILLE IS VERY PLEASED!

HOW NICE IT IS TO BE ABLE TO WALK THROUGH THE ZOO AND NOT BE BOTHERED BY THOSE AWFUL ZOO TRAMPS!

AT LAST MAINVILLE ZOO IS A PROPER PLACE FOR CHILDREN!

THANK GOODNESS FOR TOUGH POLITICOS LIKE SAM T. JONES WHO DON'T FALL FOR THE LIBERAL LINE ABOUT ZOO TRAMPS!

YEP, THAT SAM T. JONES IS GOIN' PLACES, I SAY!

SOB! I WISH MY SON'S SECRET PROJECT WOULD END SO HE COULD COME HOME!

I'VE EVEN DARNED HIS CALCULATOR FOR HIM!

YOUR MOVE!

IF ONLY MY SON WERE HOME!

IF ONLY MY DAUGHTER WERE HOME!



MOMMY, WHAT'S A ZOO TRAMP?

MORE TIME PASSES, AND IN WASHINGTON

CINDY, YOU SHOULD BE PROUD! THANKS TO YOUR ADROIT USE OF THE EQUATION $ce^e = \frac{\partial}{\partial u} \int dr d\theta$, WE HAVE PERFECTED A DEADLY RAY THAT, INSTEAD OF JUST KILLING THE PEOPLE, TURNS THEM INTO UNPRODUCTIVE BEINGS REPRESENTING PARASITES TO THEIR SOCIETIES!

BUT WHAT SHALL WE SET IT FOR? DANCE INSTRUCTORS? POLO PLAYERS? T.V. ALUMINUM SIDING PITCHMEN?

THINK, CINDY, THINK!

HOW ABOUT... GASP! NO! IT'S TOO HORRIBLE EVEN TO CONTEMPLATE!

FOR THE WELFARE OF OUR WAY OF LIFE, YOU MUST FORCE YOURSELF TO SAY IT!

ALL RIGHT! SIGH! I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT I ONCE SAW WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL AND MY MOTHER TOOK ME TO THE NEARBY MAINVILLE ZOO...

LATER

THERE! NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW THE U.S. POSSESSES THIS TERRIBLE WEAPON THAT CAN DEVASTATE AN ENTIRE ENEMY CITY BY TURNING ALL ITS RESIDENTS INTO SOCIALLY USELESS ZOO TRAMPS!

THAT IS WHY WE HAVE DISGUISED THE ONLY EXISTING PROTOTYPE AS THIS PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH THE "ON" BUTTON BEING THE TOP CENTRAL STRIP OF ICING!

LET US PRAY WE NEVER HAVE TO USE THIS FIENDISH "Z-RAY"

WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, CINDY? IS IT THE ETHICS OF IT?

SOB! HOW CAN I TELL HIM HOW LONELY IT IS FOR A YOUNG GIRL TO BE A TOP SECRET DEFENSE DEPARTMENT MATHEMATICIAN!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MENTAL INSTITUTION

NO! YOU CAN'T SEPARATE US! YOU CAN'T!

SHIT TRASH BAGS

BUT "SEPARATION THERAPY" IS THE VERY LATEST THING!

SEPARATED FROM HIS BELOVED FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, TIMMY'S MIND DOES SNAP!

I'M WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR!

... AND I SAY WE REBEL!

WHO? WHAT? CHINESE CHECKERS! SORRY, I'M THE T.V.!

ARE YOU THE PENCIL SHARPENER?

SIR, THE INMATES HAVE RIOTED AND THEY'RE HOLDING 10 SOCIAL WORKERS AND 3 PREMED STUDENTS FOR RANSOM!

EH? WHAT ARE THEIR DEMANDS?

(1) MORE MARTIANS ON THE STAFF!
(2) A PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE FOR EACH NAPOLEON! THAT'S ALL!

HOW MANY NAPOLEONS ARE THERE?

119! AND WE ONLY HAVE 118 PIECES OF CHOCOLATE CAKE LEFT!

WELL, HAVE OUR FOOD SERVICE SEND AN EXTRA AND DON'T BOTHER ME!

MEANWHILE, IN WASHINGTON

THIS MUST BE THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT MEN'S ROOM! LUCKY THING MY UNCLE, OLD SENATOR THOMPSON, GAVE ME HIS MASTER KEY!

I DON'T SEE ANY URINALS, BUT WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF CHOCOLATE CAKE! I KNOW! I'LL GET IN GOOD WITH MY UNCLE BY DONATING IT TO HIS INTERSTATE FOOD SERVICE COMPANY!

NO ONE WILL MISS IT, I'M SURE!

LATER

THE F.B.I. REPORTS IT HAS TRACED THE "CHOCOLATE CAKE" TO SOMEWHERE IN MAINVILLE COUNTY! CINDY, YOU GREW UP THERE, SO YOU KNOW THE AREA BETTER THAN ANY OF US! I DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU HOW IMPORTANT IT IS YOU FIND THAT "CHOCOLATE CAKE"!

AYE AYE SIR!

AND NO CONTACTING YOUR FAMILY, REMEMBER!

MEANWHILE

AGATHA, I WAS JUST THINKING HOW PROUD I AM THAT THE EX-MAYOR OF MAINVILLE, SAM T. JONES, HAS ACTUALLY RISEN TO BECOME PRESIDENT OF THE WHOLE UNITED STATES!

RIGHT NOW, MARGARET, I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT OUR CLUB'S HAVING CHOSEN THE TWO OF US FOR TONIGHT'S ANNUAL CHARITY MAH-TONG GAME WITH THE INMATES AT THE COUNTY MENTAL INSTITUTION!

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE?

ON A MATTER OF CRUCIAL NATIONAL SECURITY, THE NEW PRESIDENT FINDS HIMSELF SECRETLY RETURNING TO HIS OLD HOME TOWN!

I ONLY PRAY NO ONE USES THAT CAKE! SET ON "HIGH" IT COULD TURN US INTO A NATION OF ZOO TRAMPS!

MEANWHILE

THERE! NOW ALL THE NAPOLEONS HAVE CHOCOLATE CAKE JUST LIKE THE JULIUS CAESARS!

MY PIECE LOOKS SOMEWHAT FUNNY!

AND WHAT ABOUT HIRING THE MARTIANS?

I GUESS WE STILL HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS! FUNNY, EVEN THOUGH I'M WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, I SEEM TO POSSESS INORDINATE SCIENTIFIC SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE!

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN RIG UP!

SMART THINKING OF THE F.B.I. TO APPRAISE ME OF THE DANGER! I'M TO RENDEZVOUS WITH AGENT "CINDY" AT THIS CORNER AT 8 P.M.!

8 P.M. MAINVILLE 200 E. MI

THERE! MY NEW "DESTRUCTO" RAY ANNIHILATES ANYTHING IT HITS! SEE?

IS IT 8 P.M. YET?

RELAX, ALMOST!

MMMMM! MY CHOCOLATE CAKE SURE WAS DEE-LISH!

ME, I'VE SAVED MINE FOR LATER!

ZOO TRAMP MARIE CLIMBS OUT THROUGH THE NEW HOLE IN THE WALL!

FUCK SHIT PISSE FART

MEANWHILE

I BETTER GO NOW TO KEEP MY RENDEZVOUS WITH THE PRESIDENT AND LET HIM KNOW THAT I'VE TRACED THE CAKE TO SOMEWHERE INSIDE THIS MENTAL INSTITUTION!

I HAVE SIX MINUTES! SHOULD BE PLENTY OF TIME!

THIS WAY, LADIES! THE GAMES ARE UP ON THE SIXTH FLOOR!

AND DON'T WORRY! THERE'S BEEN SOME COMMOTION TONIGHT, BUT SOME NICE MAH-TONG SHOULD CALM THEM ALL DOWN!

SOB!
CINDY!

MEANWHILE

OH!
THAT
MUST
BE HER
NOW!

SOB!
TOO LATE!

LUCKY SHE LEFT
A TRAIL OF DIRT
AND FLIES! I
MUST FOLLOW IT!

MAYBE
IT WILL
LEAD ME TO
THE Z-RAY
AND I CAN
PREVENTARY
MORE PEOPLE
FROM BEING
TURNED INTO
ZOO TRAMPS!

MOTHER!
SOB!
CAN IT BE?

I WONDER
WHAT'S KEEPING
AGENT CINDY!
I'M TOLD SHE
WAS A MATH
MAJOR, AND
IT'S NOT LIKE
A MATH MAJOR
TO BE LATE!

FUCK
SHIT
CRAP

WHORE
STOOL
TAMPON
NUDIST COLONY

ZOO TRAMP
MARIE
CONTINUES
ON, LURED
BY HER
NATURAL
HABITAT!

MEANWHILE, CINDY
MEETS MRS. TYLER

SOB! YOU
SAY MY SON
TIMMY DOESN'T
WORK WITH
YOU!

WHY NO! HE
MUST BE ONE
OF THE ONES
THEY COULDN'T
FIND! STILL,
FOR SOME
REASON THE
NAME SEEMS
STRANGELY
FAMILIAR!

WHILE, AT ANOTHER ENTRANCE

BUT I TELL
YOU I'M THE
PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED
STATES!

SURE YOU
ARE! NOW
COME UPSTAIRS
AND JOIN THE
REST OF THEM
FOR SOME
NICE RELAXING
MAH-JONG!

YOU'LL
HEAR
ABOUT
THIS!

DON'T THINK
YOU CAN
HAVE ANY,
BUDDY! IT'S
ALL MINE!

FUCK
MAINLY
PISS
ZOO I A
SHIT

I KNEW
HE WOULD
HAVE TAKEN
HIS FAVORITE
CALCULATOR!

COME, COME LADIES!
YOU'VE LINGERED
TOO LONG ALREADY!

SHIT

AND JUST
WHO MIGHT
YOU BE?

WHY, NAPOLEON,
AND FINALLY
READY TO BITE
INTO THE TOP
CENTRAL STRIP
OF ICING ON THIS
DELICIOUS-LOOKING
BUT SOMEWHAT
STRANGELY SHAPED
PIECE OF
CHOCOLATE CAKE!

JUST AS HE
BEGINS TO
RAISE THE
CHOCOLATE
CAKE TO BITE
INTO IT, TIMMY
AND HIS COHORTS
MAKE THEIR
DESPERATE MOVE!

THEY
WON'T
PACIFY
US WITH
ANY MAH-
JONG THIS
YEAR!

TIMMY AIMS HIS DESTRUCTO RAY
AT THE NORMALLY LOCKED PADDED
DOOR TO THE HALLWAY! HE PASSES
THE TRIGGER, NOT REALIZING
THAT HIS MOTHER, CINDY'S MOTHER
AND CINDY ARE JUST COMING
THROUGH THAT DOOR!

AS THE DEADLY DESTRUCTO RAY
EMERGES FROM TIMMY'S WEAPON
AND HEAD-ON TOWARDS TIMMY'S MOTHER,
CINDY'S MOTHER AND CINDY, "NAPOLEON"
GETS THE "CHOCOLATE CAKE" UP TO
HIS MOUTH, READY TO BITE INTO THE
"ICING" AND UNKNOWINGLY RELEASE
THE HORRIBLE Z-RAY AT THE
PRESIDENT!

BEING RAISED TO "NAPOLEON'S"
MOUTH, THE "CHOCOLATE CAKE"
IS IN POSITION TO BLOCK THE PATH OF
TIMMY'S DESTRUCTO RAY! IT ABSORBS
THE RAY, SAVING TIMMY'S MOTHER,
CINDY'S MOTHER AND CINDY FROM
ANNIHILATION, BUT IS ANNIHILATED
ITSELF! THUS, A SPLIT-SECOND
AFTER ITS ONLY FIRING, THE ONLY
EXISTING PROTOTYPE OF THE
AWESOME Z-RAY IS DESTROYED
FOREVER!

EXCUSE US, BUT
IS THIS THE
MAH-JONG ARENA?

MMMMM!

SOB! THAT...
THAT LOOKS
LIKE...

PHOO!

FUCK
SHIT

MY...MY
TIMMY!

TURD
COCK
TITS

THE SIGHT OF
TIMMY'S MOTHER
MAKES HIM
SANE AGAIN!

SON!
SOB!

MOM!

REALIZING THAT IT COULD
HAVE DISINTEGRATED HIS
OWN MOTHER (AND THAT
HE IS NOT WARLIKE WILLIAM
THE CONQUEROR) TIMMY
DESTROYS HIS WEAPON
FOREVER BY BORROWING
A COMPACT MIRROR FROM
A YOUNG LADY NEARBY,
AND SHOOTING THE
DESTRUCTO RAY INTO THE
MIRROR AND THUS BACK
UPON ITSELF!

THANK YOU
FOR YOUR
COMPACT
MIRROR!
WHAT ARE
YOUR
INTERESTS?

MATH...
MY
FAVORITE
EQUATION
IS
 $Z^2Ct = \int_a^b x^4 dx!$

WHY, THAT'S
MY FAVORITE
EQUATION
TOO! AND
YOUR VOICE
IS FAMILIAR...
DIDN'T WE
ONCE
SPEAK...

...ON
THE
PHONE!
YES, MY
DARLING
YES!

MEANWHILE,
A NEW AGE
DAWNS FOR
ZOO TRAMPS!

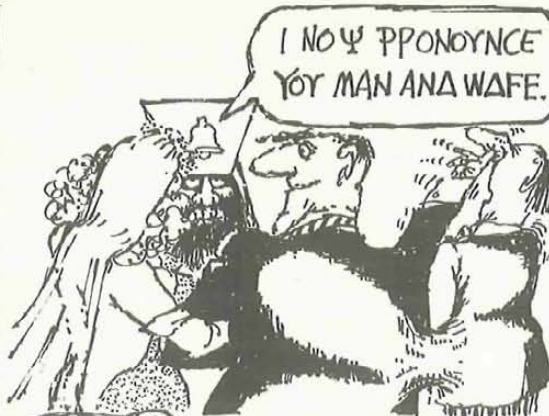
SHOULDN'T
WE RUN HER
IN?

WITH THE PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES
A ZOO TRAMP? WE
WOULDN'T DARE!

TURD
SHIT
LAY
COME
CRAP
FLUSER
PISS
GENITAL
SYRINGE
SPECIMAN
GOD
STOOL
Q-TIP
WHORE
ASS
COCK
MOUSE
DROPPING
PENIS
BALLS
RAPE
PUBIC
S.A.B.
MENOPAUSE

THE END

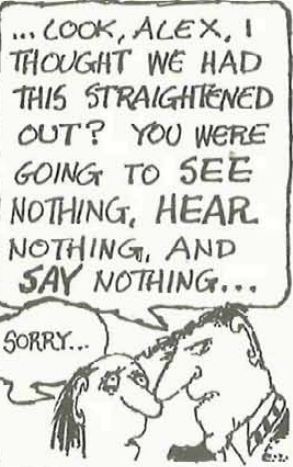
**THE AESOP
BROTHERS
SIAMESE TWINS
in: TWO'S
COMPANY,
THREE'S A
PAIN IN THE ASS.**



FINALLY, READERS, THAT PART OF THE AESOP BROTHERS' LIFE YOU'VE OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT. **MARRIAGE!!!** HOW WOULD THEY HANDLE ITS ATTENDING INTIMACIES?



* KINDA STRAINS YOUR CREDULITY, DON'T IT? *





...EVERYBODY HERE?

...WHERE'S DR. KLEINMAN?
HE'S NOT IN THE STORY YET, MY SWEET...

OH...



DARLING, THIS WILL BE OUR NIGHT TO REMEMBER. SHALL WE HAVE CHAMPAGNE?

OH, HOW ROMANTIC!

...ROOM SERVICE? LISTEN, SEND UP A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AND TWO GLASSES...



THREE GLASSES!!!
WHAT THE HELL AM I?
A LEPER?

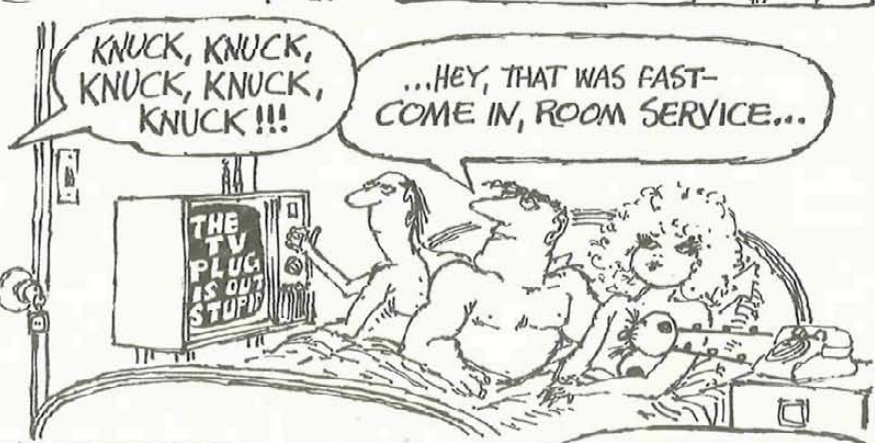


DEAREST, BE NICE TO HIM. WE'LL NEED HIS COOPERATION-IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

...I JUST WANTED TO PROPOSE A TOAST...



YOU'RE RIGHT, MY DARLING...
...ROOM SERVICE, MAKE THAT THREE GLASSES...



KNUCK, KNUCK, KNUCK, KNUCK!!!

...HEY, THAT WAS FAST-COME IN, ROOM SERVICE...



HOUSE DETECTIVE!!!
WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?

NOTHIN'S GOIN' ON - WE'RE MARRIED!!!



TWO GUYS CAN'T MARRY ONE BROAD!!!

NO, JUST ME, I'M MARRIED TO HER...





...AND NOW!!! **THE A&SOP BROS. CONTEST!**
 THERE ARE TWO ENDINGS TO THIS THRILLING STORY!!!
 IN 150 WORDS OR LESS TELL US WHICH ENDING YOU PREFER (NOT WHY)
 • 1ST PRIZE, ONE WEEK IN BED WITH THE A&SOP BROTHERS!!!
 • 2ND PRIZE, TWO WEEKS IN BED WITH THE A&SOP BROTHERS!!!
 • 3RD PRIZE, ONE MANDRILL'S ASS!!!



UNDERWEAR **DEAF** for the

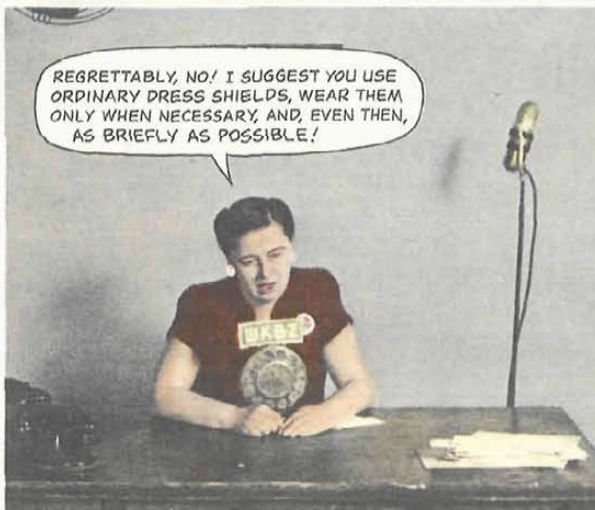
BY MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE



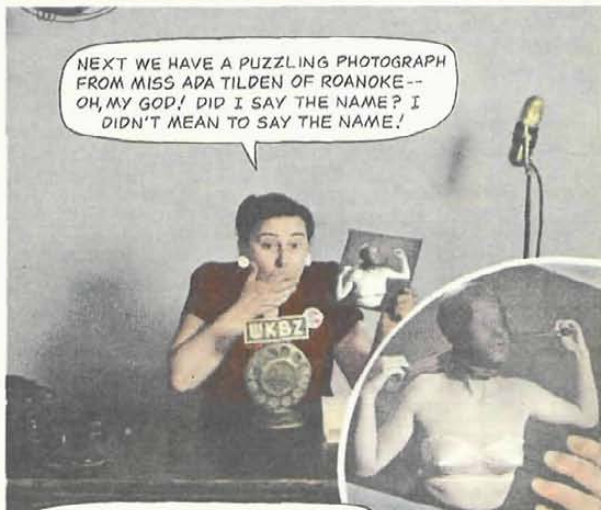
HELLO, AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO **LOUD AND CLEAR**, BROUGHT TO YOU EACH TUESDAY AFTERNOON AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY THE BLUE VALLEY COAL ASSOCIATION! I'M YOUR HOST, IRENE PORKER, AND I'LL BE ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT SPECIAL UNDERWEAR!



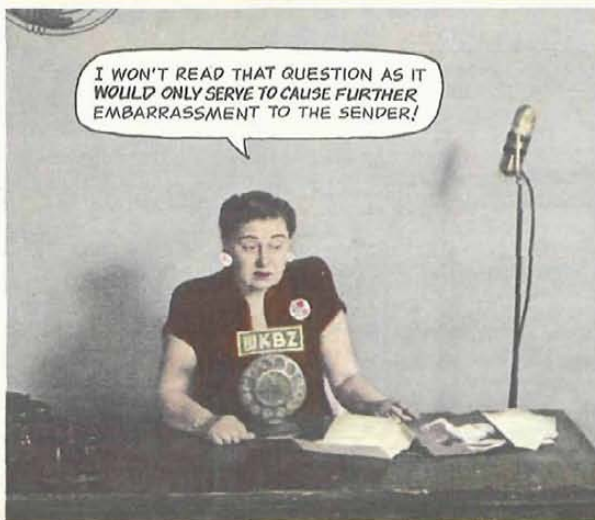
OUR FIRST LETTER COMES FROM MRS. H.H. OF GALLOP, NEW MEXICO, WHO ASKS, "ARE THERE DRESS SHIELDS FOR THE DEAF?"



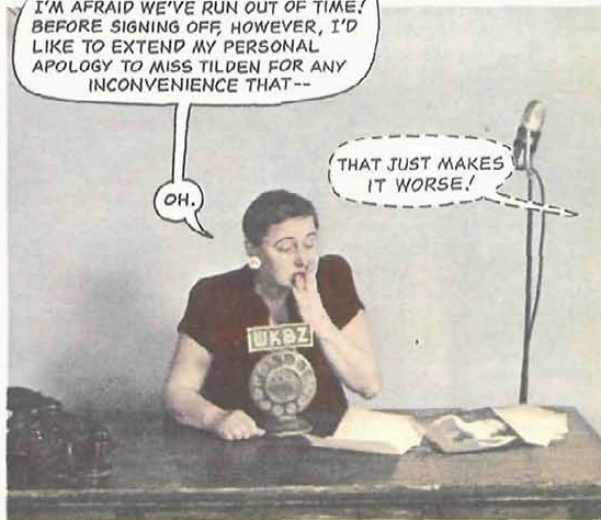
REGRETTABLY, NO! I SUGGEST YOU USE ORDINARY DRESS SHIELDS, WEAR THEM ONLY WHEN NECESSARY, AND, EVEN THEN, AS BRIEFLY AS POSSIBLE!



NEXT WE HAVE A PUZZLING PHOTOGRAPH FROM MISS ADA TILDEN OF ROANOKE-- OH, MY GOD! DID I SAY THE NAME? I DIDN'T MEAN TO SAY THE NAME!



I WON'T READ THAT QUESTION AS IT WOULD ONLY SERVE TO CAUSE FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT TO THE SENDER!



I'M AFRAID WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME! BEFORE SIGNING OFF, HOWEVER, I'D LIKE TO EXTEND MY PERSONAL APOLOGY TO MISS TILDEN FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE THAT--

OH. THAT JUST MAKES IT WORSE!

photos by David Kaestle, title by Michael Dorci, graphics by Alan Rose, tinting by Dolores Deluxe

NERO

THE BIGGEST SNOW ON EARTH WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS!

VIVA! VIVA! REX REX REX!

THE EMPEROR'S NAKED!
THE EMPEROR'S NAKED!

SHUT YOUR BIG MOUTH, STUPID! YA WANNA SHORT LIFE?

TO THE CIRCUS

IN THE BEGINNING WAS A WORD - AND THEN ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED - ESOPHAGUS, THE GREEK.

MAKE WORK - DON'T MAKE WAVES!

YES, SIR!

COL. FLAVIUS FURIUS OF THE LEGION

AIDE DE CAMP CAPT. CAPPUCINO

THE UNSUNG & THE LOWLY

WITH EXOTIC MUSIC AND GALS

SGT. MAJOR O'PHALLUS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION

AND - LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE MAN WHO PUT THE SKIDS ON THE WEST, NERO

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S THE LATEST THING - THIS AIN'T NOSALON.

GET IT CUT! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR HAIR IN THE ARMY, BUT I'M NO SOLDIER.

I DON'T THINK YER A SECRETARY, EITHER...

I AM THE SCRIBE, AKBAR OF THE CLAN DELPIOMBO -

NO ONE PUSHES NERO AROUND - LEAST OF ALL A SCRIBBLER LOOKING FOR HOT STUFF...

YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE

I'M NOT LEAVING A DAMN THING FOR POSTERITY!

QUITE RIGHT, SIKH - PLEASE CONTINUE -

I'LL JUST TO KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT ...

Rubinyto

CONT. ->

NERO



VERITAS!
MUM'S THE
WORD, OR-
WE'RE
CANNED!

ET!
BAD NEWS!

LUX!
A STRANGE
OMEN!

CHAP. I: FULL MOON

OLIVE OR LEMON
FOR YOUR MASSAGE,
MAJESTY?

TO THINK IT'S COME
TO THIS! - A WHOLE
CITY AT MY FEET!

OH-OH, HERE
COMES THE
FLY IN THE
OINTMENT-

OK, STARGAZERS-
WHAT'S THE
GOOD
WORD?

SIRE-
WE URGE-

PRUDENCE
FOR YOUR
GUIDE.

JUPITER IS
EXALTED-

HE IS
HIGH
HIGH IN
HIS
SIGN!

THE HIGH SIGN, EH?
NOW CUT THE
HIJINKS +
GIMME THE
FORECAST!

NOTHING LASTS
FOREVER-

TIME HEALS ALL
WOUNDS -

SIC TRANSIT
GLORIA MUNDI -
SO SAY THE
STARS.

STARS SHMARS!
YOU SPOOKS GIVE ME THE CREEPS.
LET'S GET TO THE NITTY-GRITTY!

OLIVE OR LEMON?

QUÉ SERA SERA?

HERE WE GO
AGAIN! CLICHÉS-
CLICHÉS

TO HELL
WITH THE
OIL!

GET THIS STRAIGHT,
GITANOS-WHEN IN
ROME, GIMME FACTS!
I WANT TO KNOW
WHO IN HELL IS
PLOTTING
AGAINST ME,
& I WANT
SPECIFICS!

WE TAKE OUR LEAVE
TO CONSULT DEEPER
IN THIS TROUBLING
MATTER.

BROTHERS-
THIS AIN'T
GONNA BE EASY!

EXIT

THOSE
BIRDS ARE
OVERPAID.

CONSPIRACY
EVERYWHERE +
ALL THEY SAY
IS QUÉ SERA
SERA!

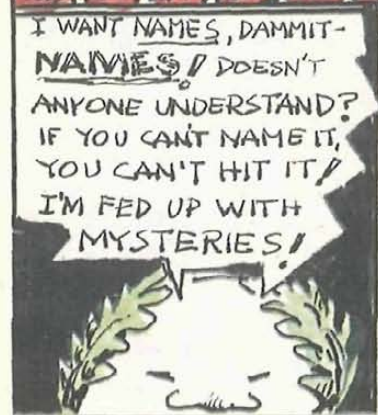
MY LORD?
THE SENATORS
ARE HERE-

GLAUCUS IS
RIGHT- YOU
CAN'T SKIMP
ON AN
ORGY.

I HOPE THERE'S
MORE THAN
WINE + GRAPES
THIS TIME.

DAMN THIS
ROMAN
HIDE.

ATHENS
A.C.



Maybe it's because we began about nine years ago mostly as the journal of contemporary music.

Maybe it's because practically everybody in the music business carries the latest issue around.

Maybe it's because we have a tabloid newsprint format.

Whatever the reason, at least several million prospective readers—probably including you—have the wrong idea about ROLLING STONE!

We think it's about time you found out that ROLLING STONE is much, much more than just a music magazine. It's a biweekly trip to the head, heart, and soul of contemporary America.

We're pioneering in a new kind of journalism, as different from the establishment press as the Rolling Stones are from Lawrence Welk. It's intensely personal... frankly biased... endlessly curious... sensibly paranoid... totally irreverent.

We're printing stuff the uptight hidebound establishment press is neglecting, overlooking, avoiding, misunderstanding, or laundering. But it's so first-rate that we're not only winning major editorial awards and raves from the establishment press, but we're beginning to

attract readers over 30 who don't own a record player. Here's a glimpse of what you've been missing...

Secret CIA Alliances—the grim facts no one else dared print on the Nixon-Hughes-Dulles-Lansky link that perverted politics from WW II to Kennedy's Assassination to Watergate.

Brando: The Method of His Madness—Chris Hodenfield's sensitive portrait of a massive talent gone to waste.

Unclothing The Emperor—Jonathan Cott talks to Oriana Fallaci: the greatest political interviewer of modern times.

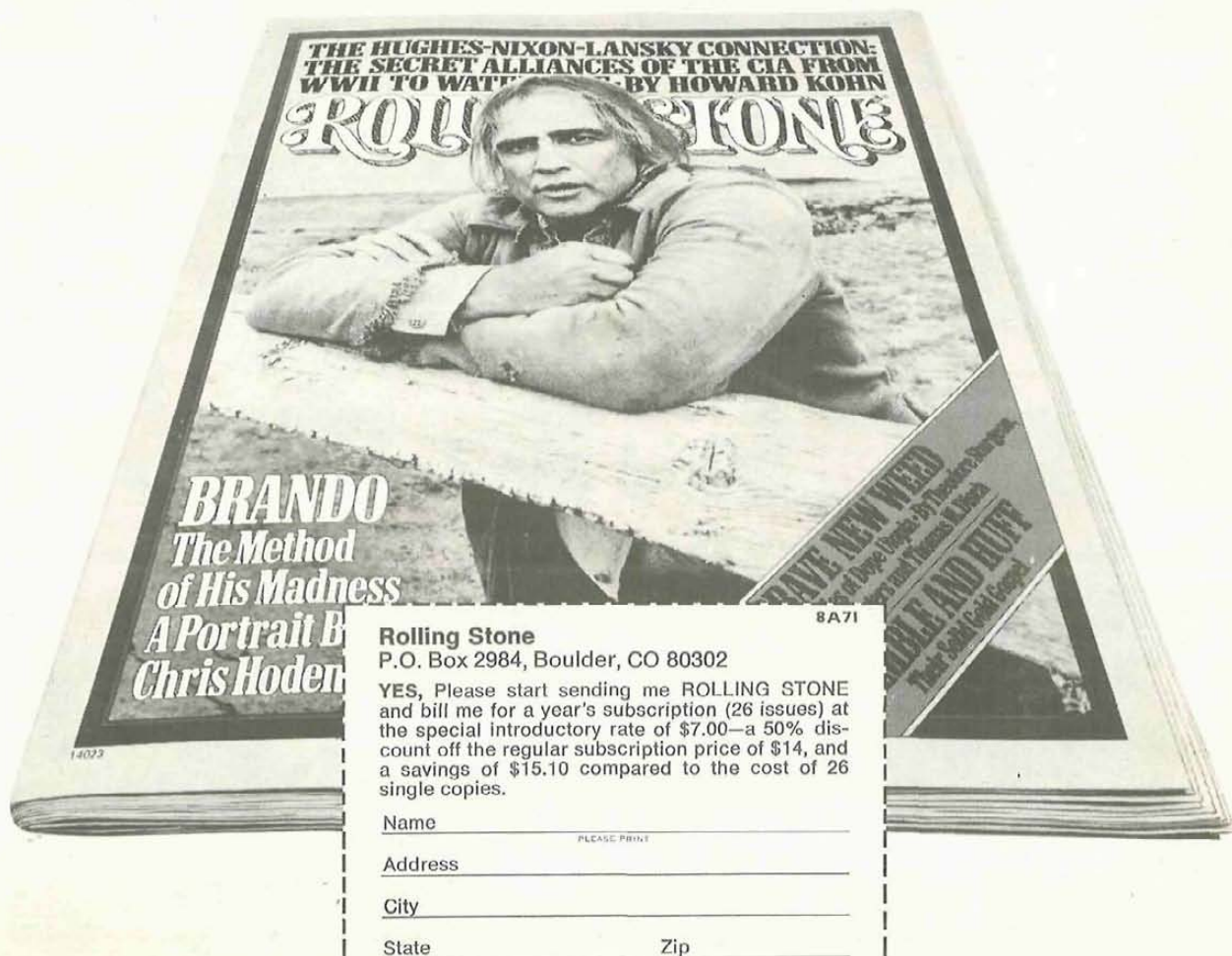
Bloodshed Is My Business—the hair-curling exploits of John Dane—mercenary, gunrunner, and "gentleman".

Redford & Hoffman & Woodward & Bernstein—inside the filming of "All The President's Men".

A Conversation With The Real Woody Allen—(or someone just like him!)

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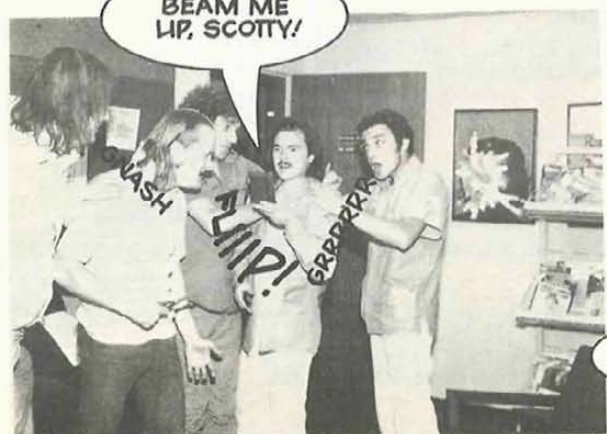
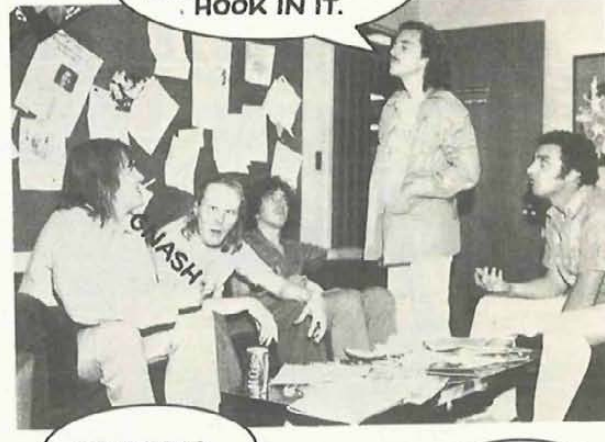
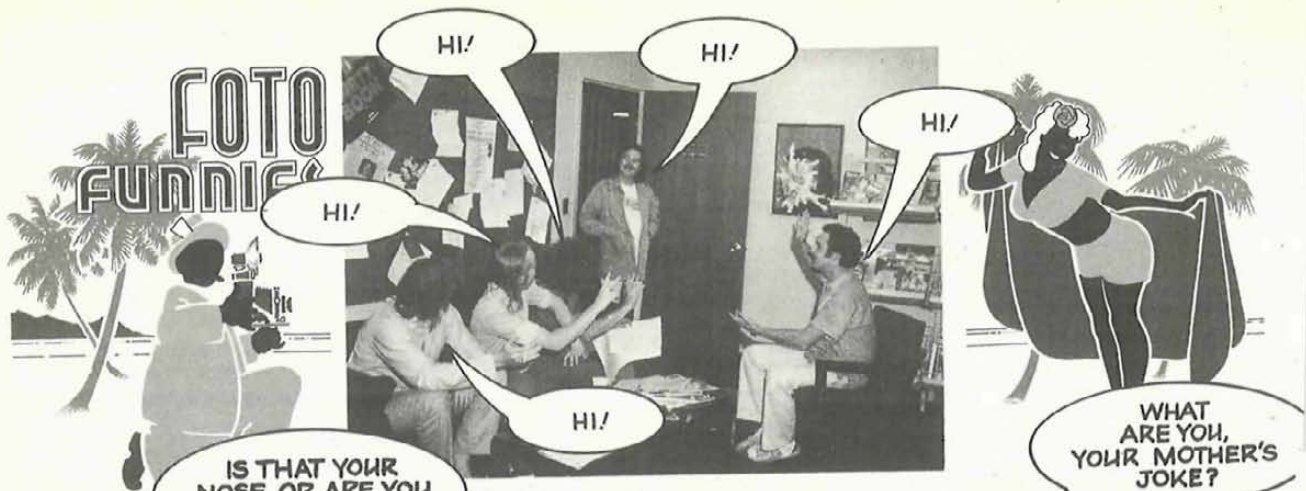
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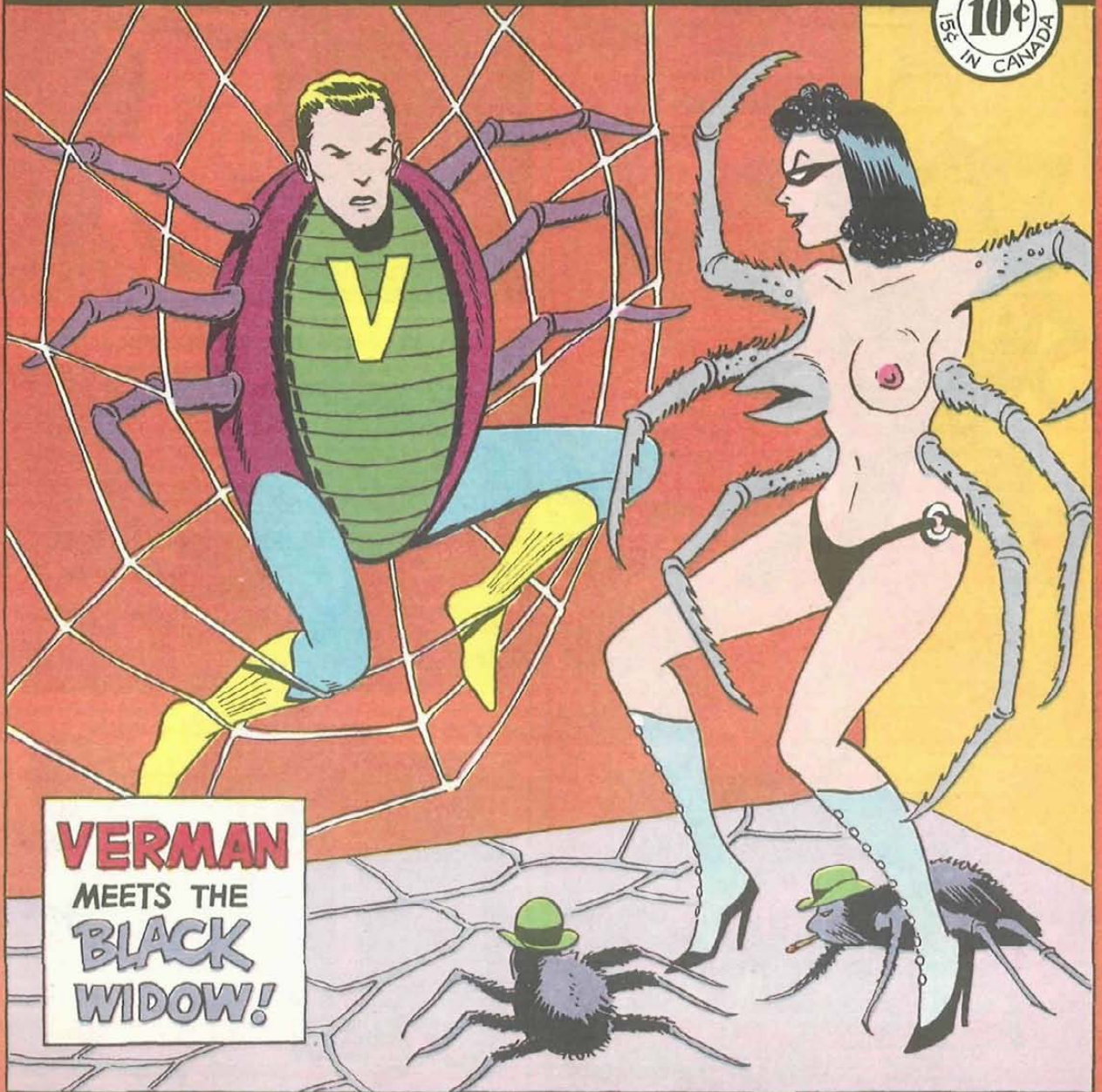
48 FULL COLOR PAGES

OCTOBER, 1976



ROCK-BOTTOM

COMICS



VERMAN
MEETS THE
BLACK
WIDOW!

VERMAN *by M. Flume*

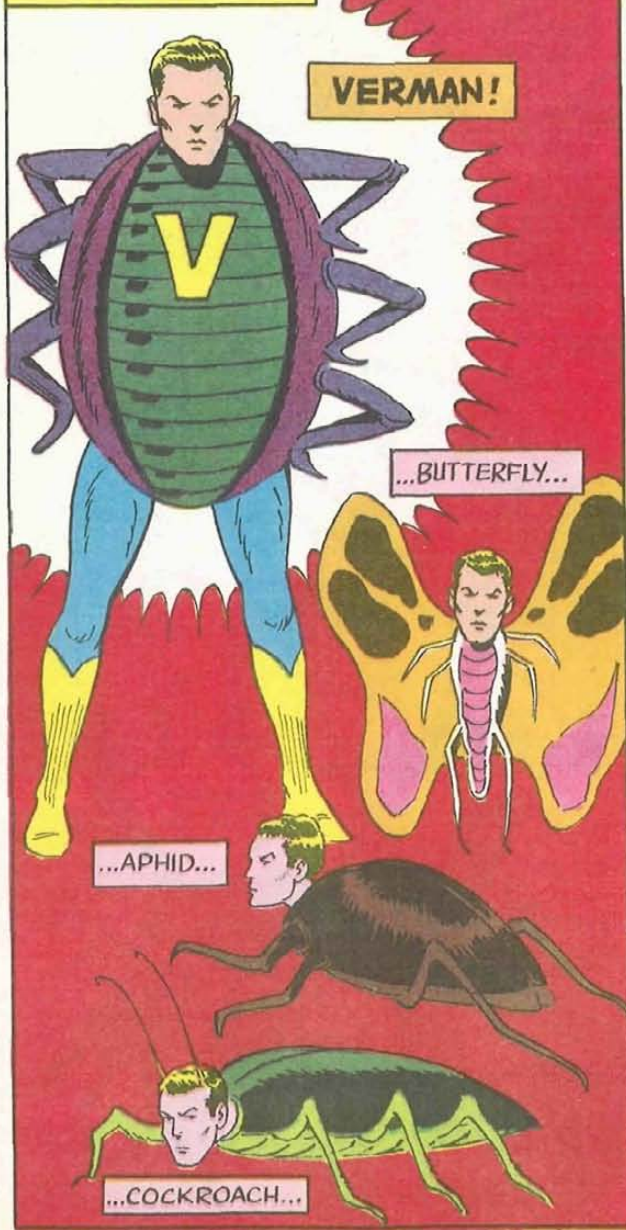
YEARS AGO, SIR RODERICK DAVIES SAVED THE LAMA OF TIBET FROM A THUG'S BULLET!



AS REWARD FOR HIS SERVICES, THE LAMA CONFERRED UPON SIR RODERICK RARE POWERS...



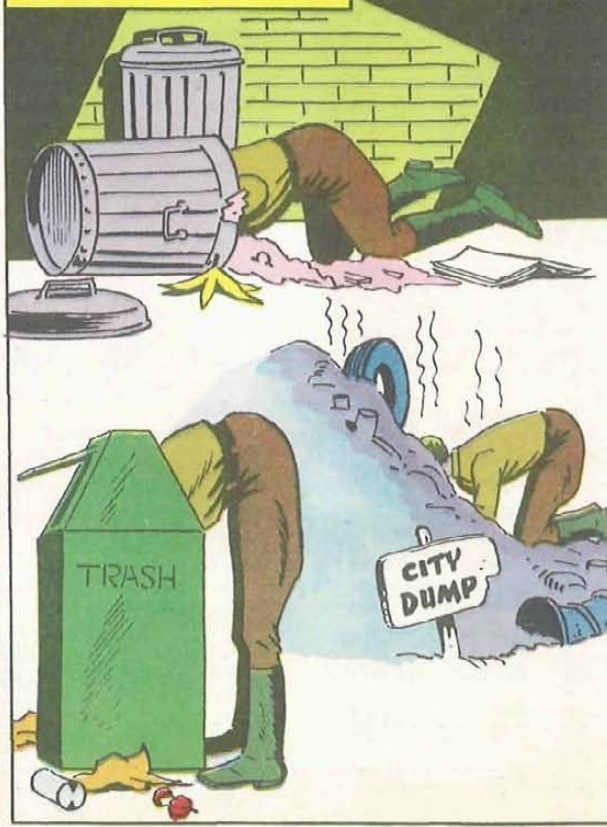
TO FIGHT EVIL, SIR RODERICK WOULD BE ABLE TO CHANGE HIMSELF INTO WHATEVER INSECT HE CHOSE...



BUT... AS A SAFEGUARD AGAINST OVERWEENING PRIDE...



TO BECOME VERMAN... SIR RODERICK HAD TO KISS... GARBAGE!!!



NORMALLY, SIR RODERICK SPENT HIS DAYS POURING OVER THE THOUGHT OF KANT AND LEIBNITZ... IN HIS ANCIENT FAMILY SEAT...



...FOR SIR RODERICK IS A MAN OF GREAT INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY.



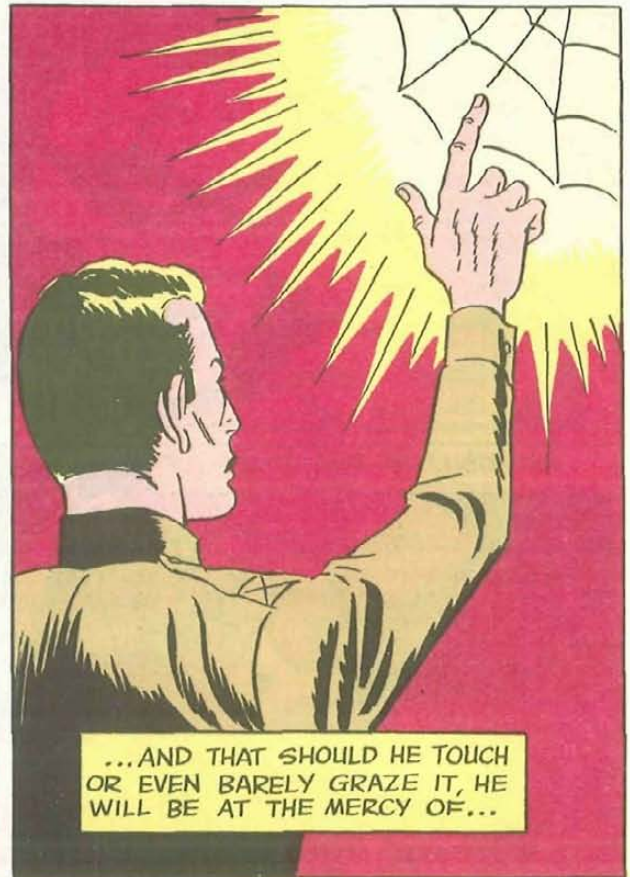
LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT THE INNOCENT-SEEMING WEB IS AN ELABORATE T.V. ANTENNA!



...WOVEN AT THE HEIST OF AN EVIL FORCE!



NOR DOES HE KNOW THAT THE WEB CONTAINS A STRANGE POTION...



...AND THAT SHOULD HE TOUCH OR EVEN BARELY GRAZE IT, HE WILL BE AT THE MERCY OF...

THE BLACK WIDOW!!! OMNIVOROUS KILLER-QUEEN OF CRIME!!!



MY PLAN IN BRINGING YOU HERE INVOLVES MY TAKE-OVER OF THE CHANCERY ORPHANAGE!



"I MEAN TO STEAL THE LITTLE TYKES..."



"...IMMOBILIZE THE STAFF..."



"...AND AMUSE MYSELF WITH THE VAST CHANCERY FUNDS!"



AS RESPITE FROM THESE LABORS, YOU WILL FEED ME WITH THE FOOD OF INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION WHILE I DRINK THEIR BLOOD!



HOURS LATER...

"TO BURN WITH THIS HARD, GEMLIKE FLAME IS TO..."



SIR RODERICK, YOU FILL ME WITH SEETHING RAPTURE! BE MINE!

NEVER!



I MEAN TO KISS YOU, SIR RODERICK... FULL ON THE LIPS! WHICH WILL IT BE... LOVE OR DEATH?



SWAK!!



BUT PERHAPS NEITHER...

YOU TRASH!!

VERMAN!! YOU!?

SNAP

SNAP



YOUR WEBS ARE AS NOTHING TO ME! I AM A CLOTHES MOTH!!!



CLOTHES MOTHS MAKE ME GAG... I FLY!

NO... I FLY! YOU SPIDER!



VERMAN, NOW A SPIDER BUG, ELIMINATES BLACK WIDOW'S MINIONS...

ARGHCHT!!

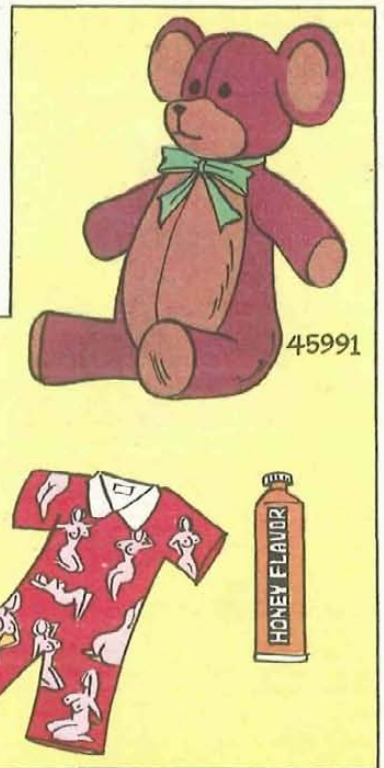


NEXT MONTH: VERMAN ENCOUNTERS FLIT!

ROCK-BOTTOM COMICS
Rock-Bottom
COMICS
PATTERNS
 635 MADISON AVE. N.Y., N.Y.



77601



45991



No. 77601 . . . Isn't she cute, girls? And you can make her yourself. You can sew up her cute little bonnet and her cute little shawl, and put them on her, and when you've put them on her, you can take them off her, and put other things on her. These are things that grown-up persons use when they're being silly. And Effa has her own little places for them, which we can't show you here due to federal regulations. But she has 'em! Just like you do! Know what we're talking about? For it's never too early to get in practice for the days and "knights" to come. A sweet pink diaphragm. Orange scented feminine deodorant. A darling see through negligee. A cunning tickling gadget with its own batteries. And Effa comes with a strap-on thingamee that turns her into a boy duck. Wheee! It'll drive the other ducks daffy! And it'll really surprise Teddy Bare when the three of you cuddle up in bed together after mommy has turned out the light and heard you say, "Now I Lay Me."

No. 45991 . . . Boys! You may think sewing's sissy stuff. But not any more! Because here's a Teddy bear with a "built-in" difference. It has all the insertable parts grown-ups have. And it can do all the neat tricks grown-ups do. Restrictions governing illustration for family magazines forbid us to show this graphically, but Teddy Bare comes with things you can put in, take out, slide on, strap on, clamp on, chain on, and even nail on. Included is a tube of honey-flavored desensitizing cream. Because Teddy would never want to hurt you. Except maybe sometimes. For Teddy will let you do anything, he's so cuddly and warm. You can take Teddy to bed with you, or you can let Teddy take you to bed with him—whatever's your thing. Or you can have a party of three with Effa Duck. She just loves Bare-back! And the fun of it is, with this Rock-Bottom Pattern, you can "make" Teddy Bare yourself with a needle and thread which comes included and can be used afterward to sew up his eyelids.

Comic Pattern Coupon

Name _____

Or friend's name whose parents won't mind _____

Address _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Cut out and send to Rock-Bottom Comics Patterns, New York, N.Y. (also send pics). Money or postal orders accepted only.

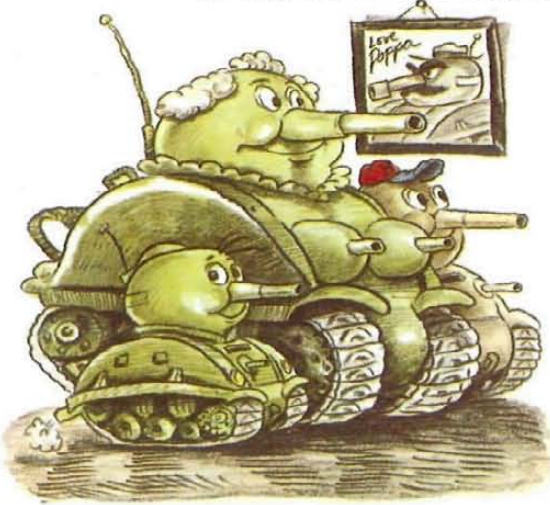
Check one:

- I enclose \$89.99 for Effa Duck # 77601
- I enclose \$89.99 for Teddy Bare # 45991
- Please send me both Effa Duck and Teddy Bare at the amazing savings of \$199.99

CLIP COUPON

Sherman—the Good Little Tank.

by Tony Hendra and Sean Kelly, illustrated by Rick Meyerowitz



Sherman was a tank. He was not a water tank or a gas tank or an oil tank. He was just a tank. And a very good little tank at that.

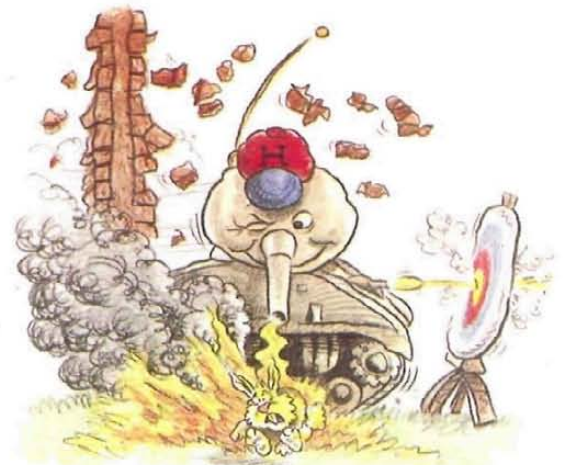
Sherman lived with his big brother, Herman Tank, and his mother, Mom Tank. Sherman's father, Big Sherman, had gone away one day and never came back. Mom Tank had been very proud. "He did his bit," she had said. "What more can one tank do?"



Mom Tank didn't spoil the two little tanks. If she was busy or was playing cards with her friends, she would shoot them away. "Thanks but no tanks," she would say. It was her favorite joke.



Every night before they went to sleep, she would read them a bedtime tank story. She told them about all the great tanks of history and what wonderful things they had done, and how straight they could shoot. "They all did their bit," Mom Tank would say, "and what more can one tank do?"



Sherman and his brother Herman wanted very much to do their bit. That was why they practiced so hard at shooting straight. They practiced and practiced and practiced. Soon they were the straightest shots on their block. They won all the prizes in their Little Tank League. Mom Tank was very pleased.

One day, Sherman's big brother Herman went away. Sherman was very sad. Being a good little tank, he loved his brother. "No, silly," said Mom Tank, "he's gone to war school. And so will you someday if you practice hard."



Then, one marvelous day, a letter came saying that Sherman had gotten into war school.

Mom Tank packed Sherman's tank-top and tank-suit and saw him off at the station.



War school was very hard work. The instructors were strict and there were many things to learn. There was geography and history and math and physics and philosophy and religion. Sherman and his classmates often had to stay up late studying their war books.

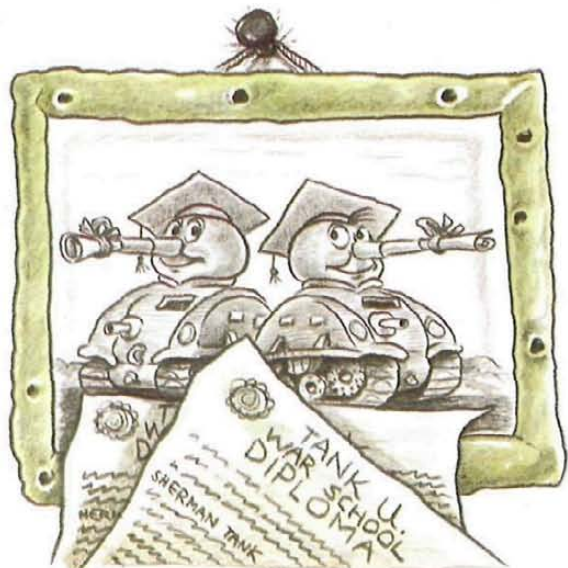


The thing they all liked best was Phys. Ed. It was in Phys. Ed. that they got to shoot their guns. They learned other things, too, like how to crush houses. Tanks are very good at crushing houses, because they have big feet and lots of them.

But the thing Sherman liked best was shooting. He could never wait for house crushing to be over and shooting to begin.



Sherman was so good at everything that he zoomed up through the grades. Before he knew it, he was in Herman's grade. Most tanks would be a little annoyed if their younger brothers were in the same grade as them. But not Herman. He was very proud of his little brother.



At the end of the year came the tests. Sherman and Herman had to take many tests. They had to take tests in the history of war, and constitutional war, and religious war, and lots of other war subjects. Sherman and Herman came out top of their class.

Then came graduation. How proud they felt! Sherman and Herman got war degrees.



The very next day a letter came in the mail for Herman. It was a war assignment with a big war firm. Herman was thrilled and Sherman was thrilled for his brother. But he was a little sad, too, that he had not gotten a war assignment.

Herman got ready to leave. "So long, Mom," he said, "so long, Sherman." Mom Tank was in tears. "Do your bit," she cried. "That's all one tank can do."



Sherman was very lonely without his big brother. He wanted to go to work for a war firm, too. He went to see many people to see if they had a war assignment for him. He showed them his war degree. They were all very polite and told him to leave his name. But they didn't give him a job.

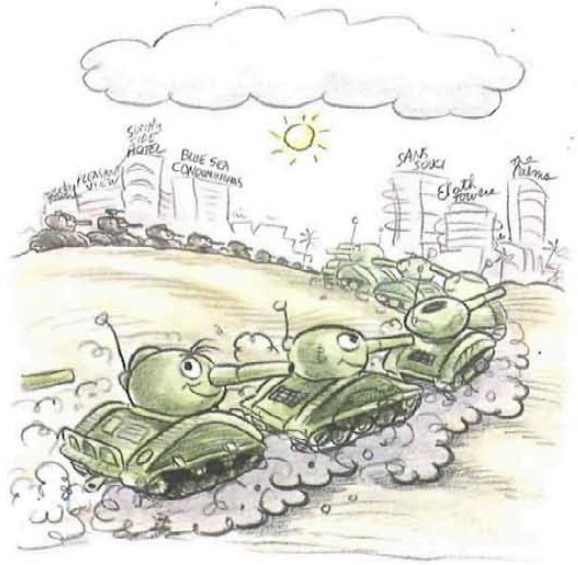


Then, suddenly one morning, a letter came in the mail. It was a war assignment! And what was even better, it was from the same war firm that had hired Herman. Sherman was overjoyed. Not only did he have a job. He would get to see his brother, too.

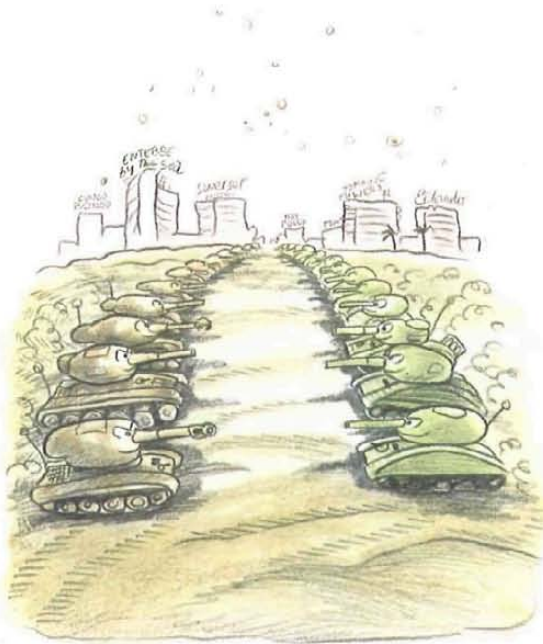
Mom Tank was in tears again. "Do your bit, Herman," she said. "That's all one tank can do." And she gave him a big kiss, because secretly he was her favorite tank.



When Sherman got to his war assignment, he asked people if they knew Herman. No one did. Some of the tanks were from the same war school as Sherman and remembered him. But none of them knew where Herman was. Sherman was very sad.



The next day they had to go to war. Even though Sherman was sad about Herman, he was very excited. Everyone got up early and lined up for the war. In the distance, Sherman could see the other tanks lining up for the war. There was not a house anywhere in sight. No silly house crushing today, thought Sherman, just shooting straight. This is the real thing.



The tanks began to rumble towards one another. As they got within shooting range, they began to pair off. There were exactly the same number of tanks on one side as the other.



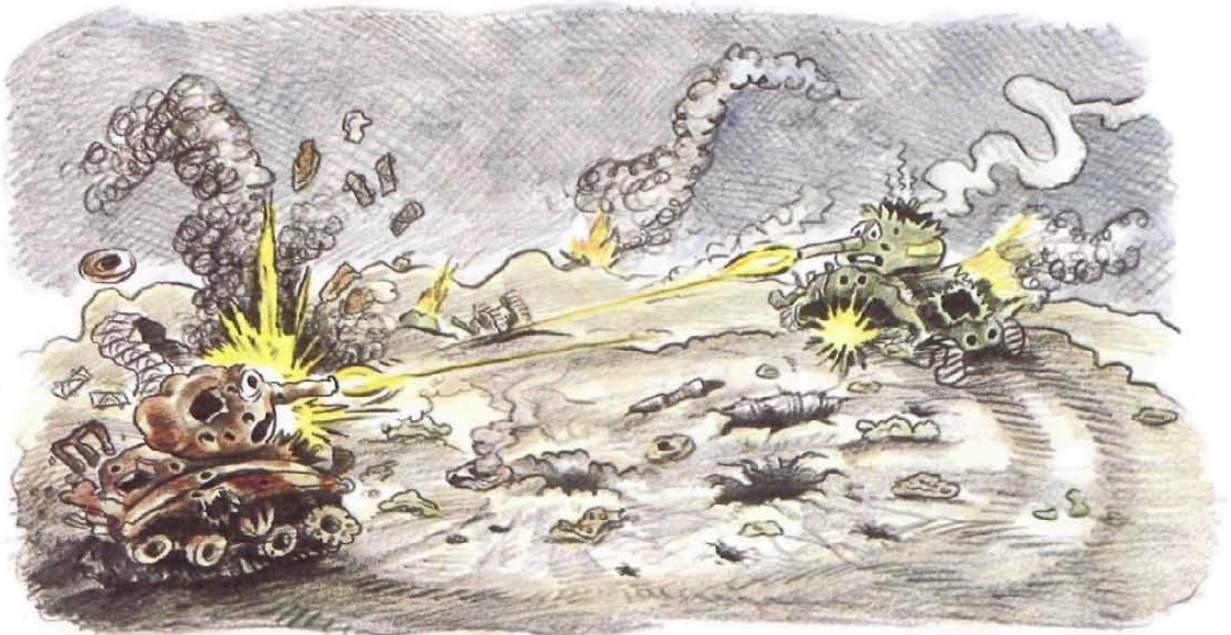
Then they began the war. Sherman picked out a particularly big-looking tank in the opposite line, and rumbled towards it. The other tank rumbled towards him. It was time for Sherman to do his bit. Deep down, he was just a little bit afraid.



The two tanks began shooting at one another. They had to shoot first and then dodge the shells that came back at them. It was very difficult to shoot straight when you were dodging all over the place. But the other tank was very good at it. Sherman had to dodge a lot.

This went on for quite a while. Then, suddenly, the big

tank came out in the open. Sherman thought he had a clear shot. "Kaboom," went the big tank. "Kapow," went Sherman's gun. His shell zoomed away and hit the big tank right in the behind! The big tank's shell zoomed towards him and hit him right in the head. Boy, how it hurt!



For hours, they went on shooting and dodging. They began to slow down. More and more of the shells hit, and Sherman and the big tank began to look pretty beat-up.

By now all the other tanks had put each other out of business. There were tanks lying all over the place. No one was left except Sherman and the big tank. "Kapow,"

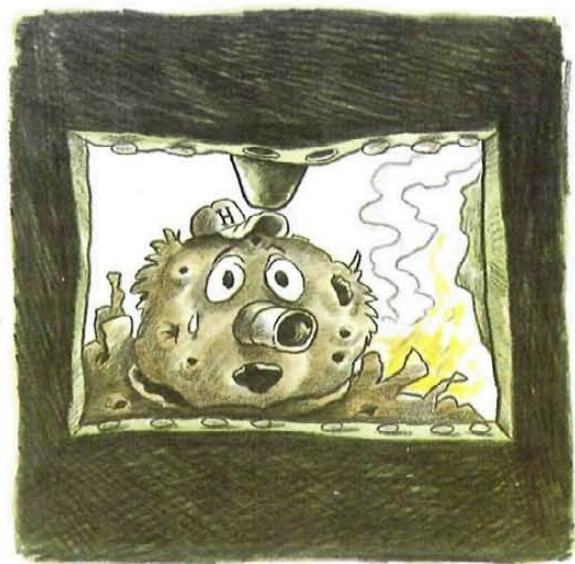
would go Sherman, wearily. "Kaboom," would go the big tank, as if it was the last shell he could manage.

Many times, Sherman felt like giving up. But every time he thought that, he heard his mother's voice. "Do your bit," she was saying. "What more can one tank do?" And so he'd lift his head up and shoot straight one more time.



It got so dark they couldn't see. They had to come right up to one another to shoot straight. Now they didn't even worry about dodging. They just blasted away. "Kapow," went Sherman. "Kaboom," went the big tank.

They blew one another to pieces as they drew together. Sherman hurt so much he didn't think he could go on another second.



One last shot and that'll do it, he thought, and raised his gun. The other tank did the same. For the first time, they looked one another in the eye. "Sherman," cried the other tank. "Is that you?" Sherman looked through his twisted visor at the big tank. It was Herman!



But it was too late to stop the guns. "Kapow," went Sherman at point-blank range. "Kaboom," went Herman, for the last time.



Mom Tank was very sad about Herman, but she was very proud of Sherman. "You did your bit," she said, forever after, "and that's all one tank can do." □



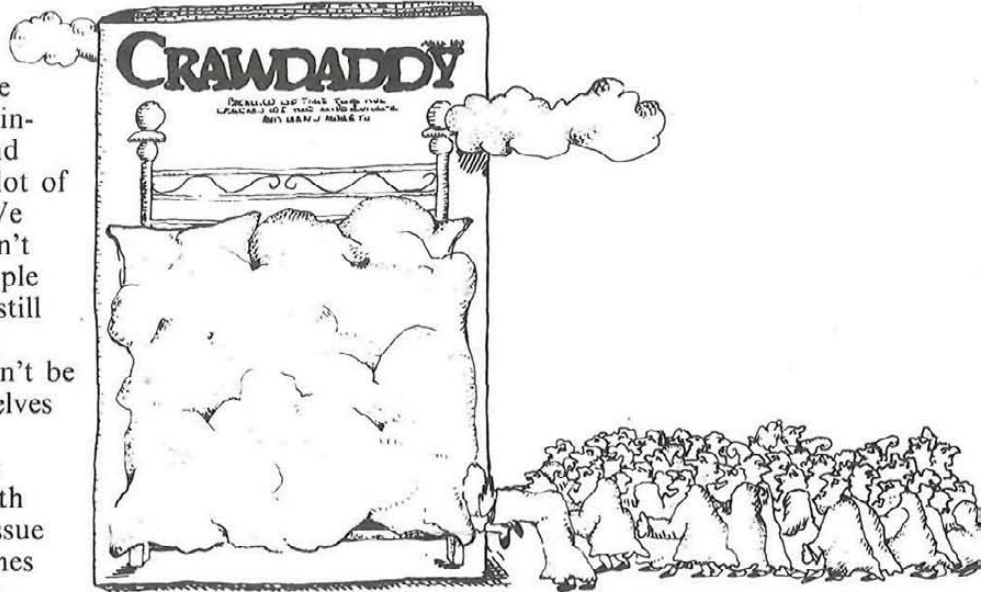
yes...
I suppose it is a bit
Jewish... but dammit, I AM
Jewish.

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU FIND DIANE KEATON, BOB MARLEY, WILLIAM BURROUGHS AND THE WHO UNDER SAME COVERS?

CRAWDADDY, the magazine of music, entertainment, politics, literature and popular culture touches a lot of ground in a lot of ways. We have to. Because if it weren't for the wide variety of people who write for us, and the still wider variety of people we write about, we just wouldn't be making the name for ourselves that we are.

In the last ten years (we just celebrated our tenth birthday) we've made an issue out of things most magazines were afraid to hint at. For instance: We broke the Bruce Springsteen story **TWO FULL YEARS** before the rest of the media "discovered" his formidable talents. When everyone else was talking about FBI and CIA chicanery, we found the "smoking gun"—the first positive proof of domestic spying, which led to a \$400,000 lawsuit against the U.S. government. And while everyone else was chasing last week's superstars, we directed our efforts at re-discovering Janis Ian and Brian Wilson.

We've highlighted Hollywood people, Washington people, Woodstock people, Nashville people. The living, the missing, the dead. No two have ever been quite the same. So when we highlight the comedic talents of Diane Keaton, the music of Bob Marley and the Wailers, the



mind musings of William Burroughs and the on-tour hoopla of The Who in the same issue of **CRAWDADDY**, that's just our own way of practicing what we preach: it takes a lot of strange bedfellows to make one **CRAWDADDY**.

If you'd like to travel in the same offbeat company, we offer you a simple expedient. Cut out the coupon. Fill in the blanks. And mail it to us. There's a lot going on, so why don't you join us under our covers?!

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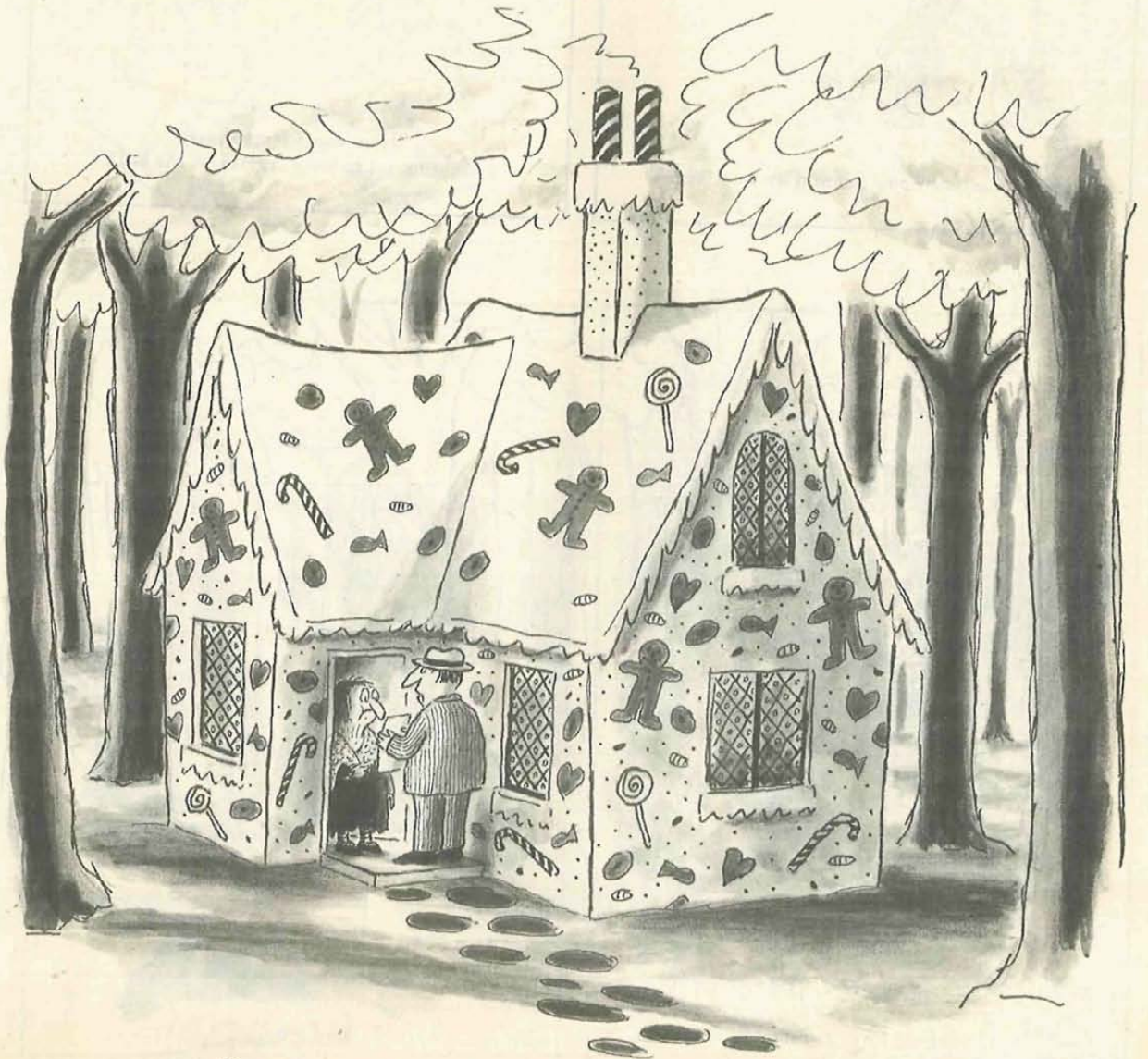
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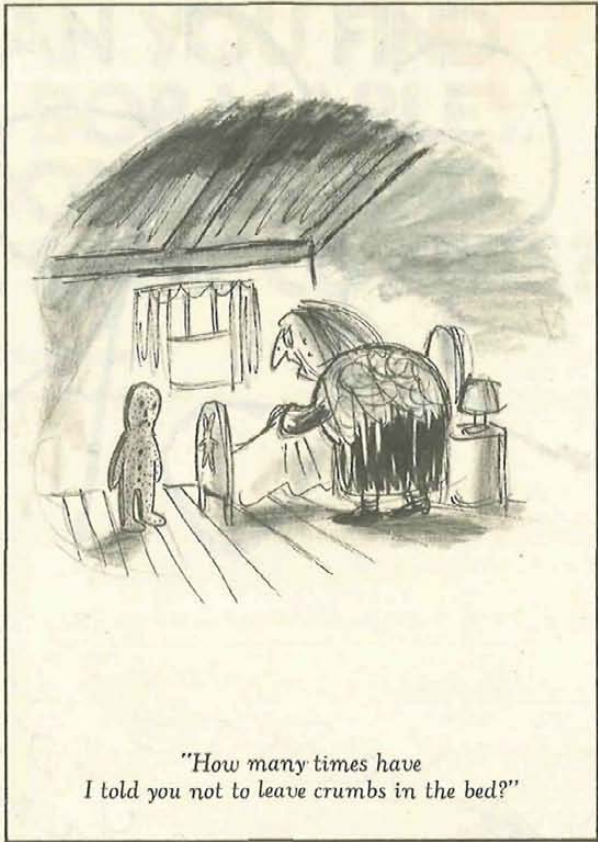
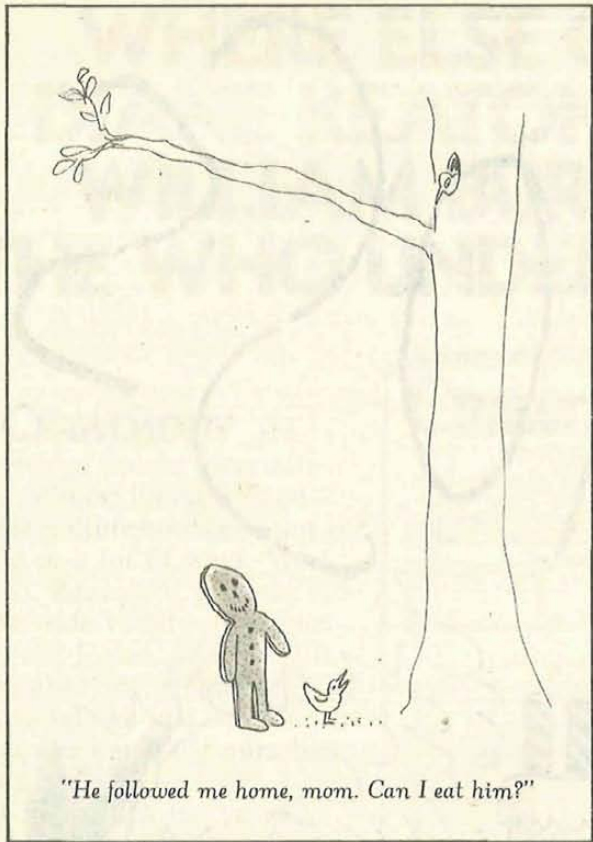
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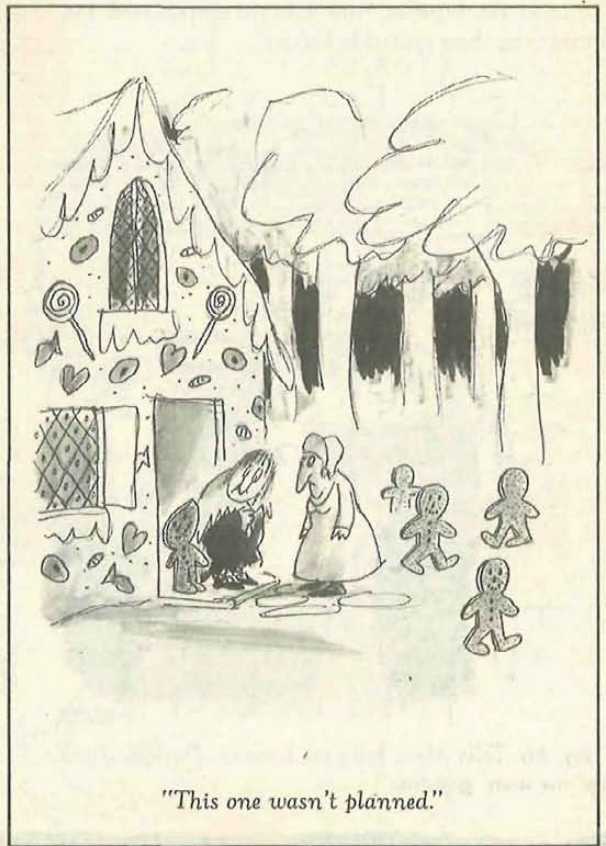
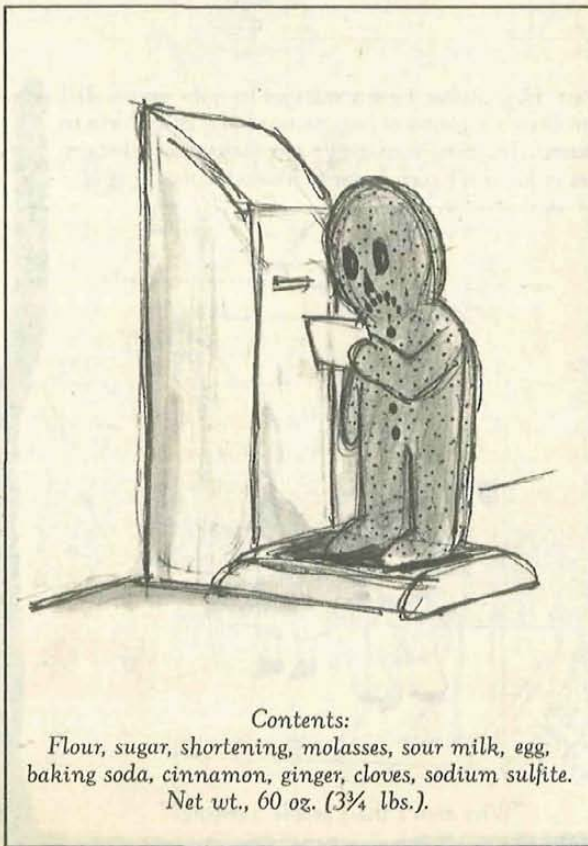
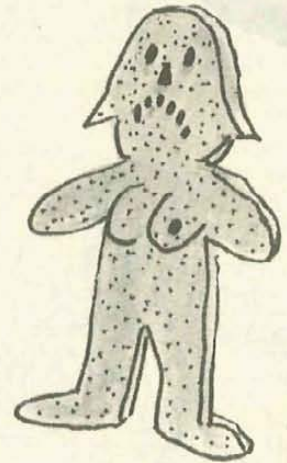
S. GROSS



"I'm from the marshal's office. Nabisco has foreclosed on your mortgage."

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ZIEGLER



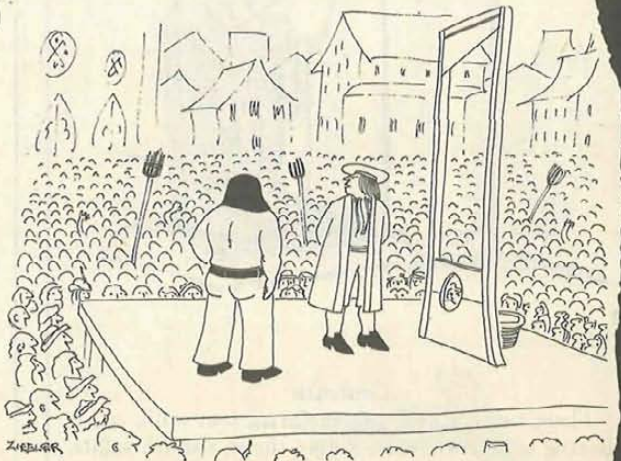
"Unique? You bet it is. And damned complicated, too, considering these unwieldy hooves."



"Psst. Hey, mister, I got a message for your mayor. Tell him there's a plague of frogs camped just off Astoria in Queens. Tell him to cough up ten thousand gallons of flies or he won't even begin to know the meaning of the word trouble."



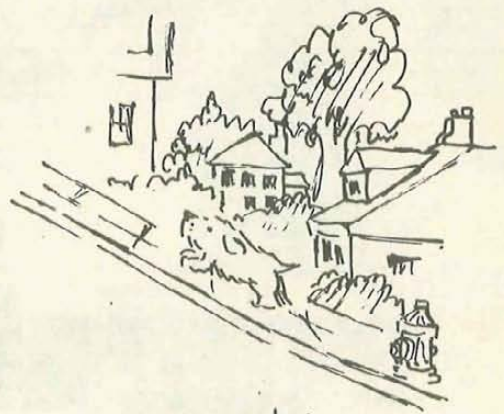
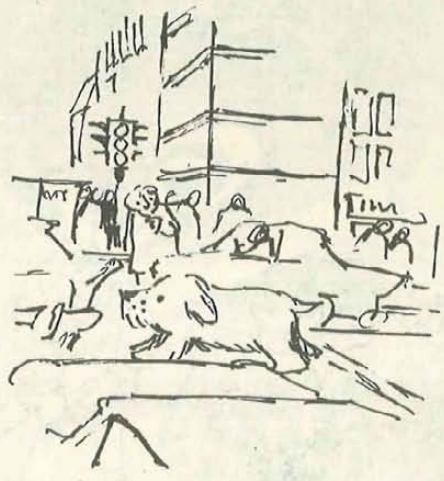
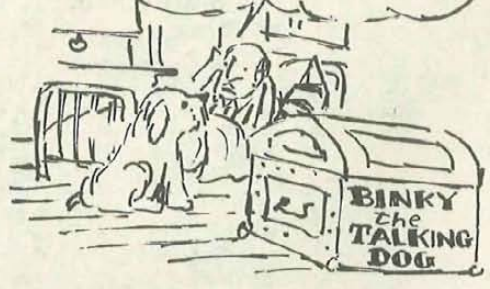
"Hey, Mr. Tally Man, tally me banana. Daylight come an' me wan' go home."



"Why aren't these people working?"

J. Harris

GET DOC WESTON AND TELL HIM I HAVE A FEVER AND TO COME OVER QUICK. WE HAVE A SHOW TO DO TONIGHT.



CALDWELL



"And that's not all! I can jump two feet out of the water! I can swim upside down! I can fart down here and race the bubbles to the surface! I can..."

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

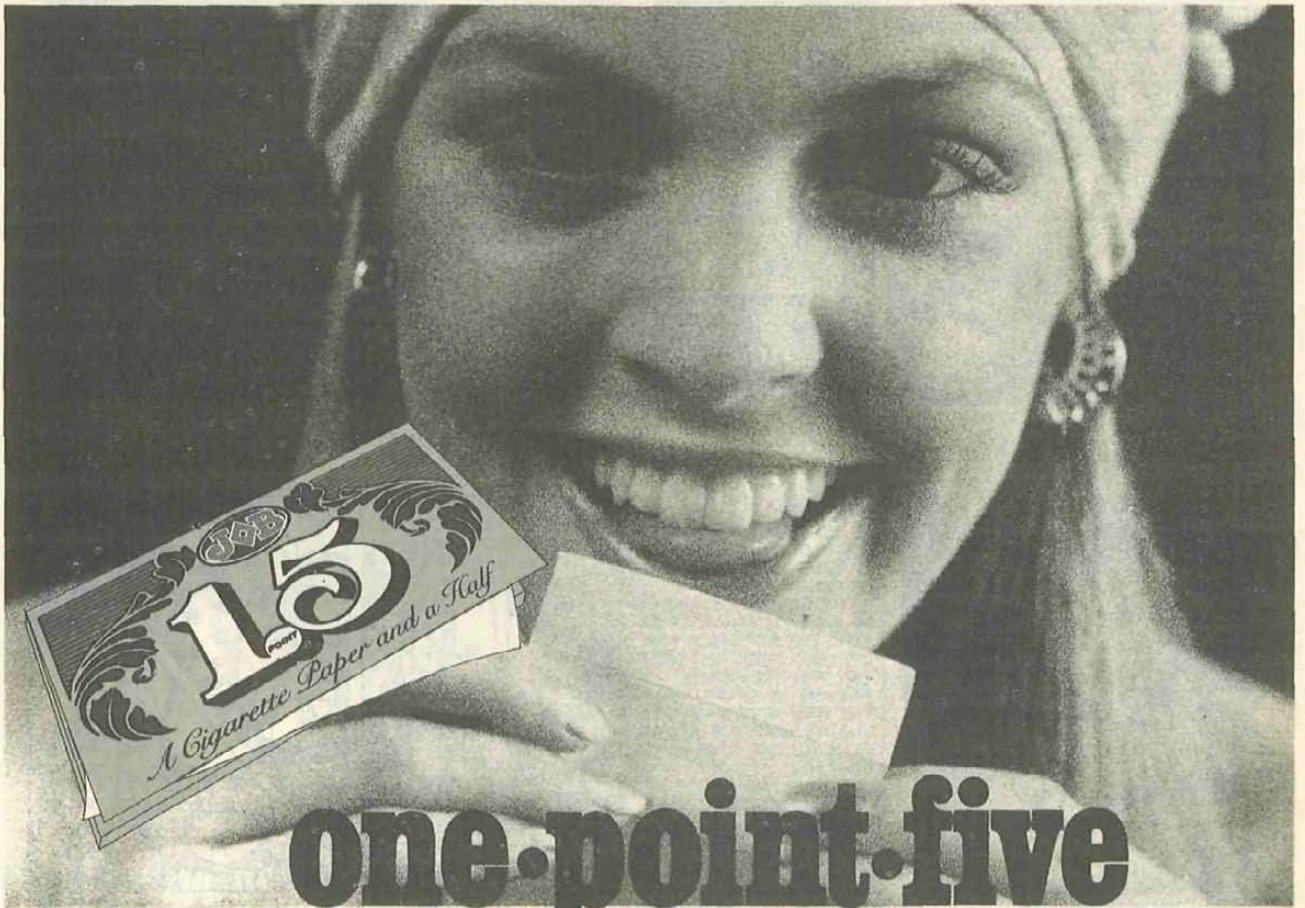
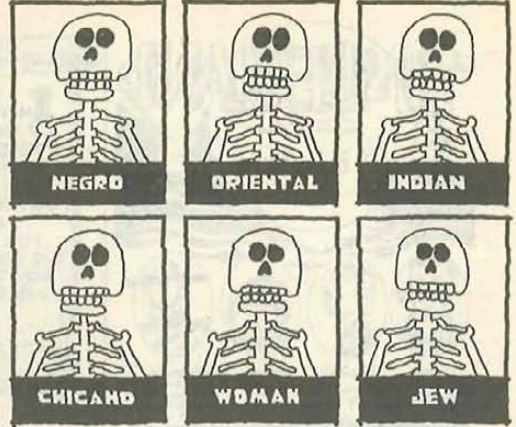
BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 89

MINORITIES

TO DRAW MEMBERS OF
MINORITY GROUPS IN AN
INOFFENSIVE AND
DIGNIFIED MANNER,
CAREFULLY DELETE ANY
MINORITY GROUP
CHARACTERISTICS.

REMEMBER:
WE ARE ALL BROTHERS
UNDER THE SKIN.



one-point-five

A Paper and a Half

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new one-point-five, the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a single paper, smaller than a double-wide.

JOB, the world's finest cigarette paper now in three sizes: double-wide, one-point-five, and single width.



JOB'S GREATEST HITS

Includes two packs JOB Double-wide papers, white and strawberry; one pack JOB one-point-five; and one pack JOB wheatstraws, single. (One sample to a family, please.) I am enclosing \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling. I am over 21 years of age.

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Dept. NL1076

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TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS
KATHLEEN
MAURICE - THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOYBOY.
CONSTABLE TOM RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

IN THE LIFE OF EVERY BOY COMES THAT TIME WHEN HE MUST SEEK HELP FROM SOMEONE OLDER, AND FOR MAURICE, THE YOUNG INDIAN BOY, THAT TIME HAS COME.

UNABLE TO FIND DR. ROGERS OR KATHLEEN, MAURICE TURNS TO THE CONSTABLE.

ALLO DERE, CONSTABLE TOM.

I'M 'AVE A LOT OF PROBLEM, YES SIR. DA NORT COUNTRY SCHOOLS' ANIMAL FAIR IS NEXT WEEK, AN' MAURICE WAS GOIN' TO ENTER DEES 'ERE WOODCHUCK PETS.

EVEN THE FOREST-HARDENED HEART OF THE CONSTABLE MUST MELT WHEN A DIRTY-FACED LAD BECKONS HIS AID.

BUT DERE NOT SO FLUFFY AND NICE - LIKE DOSE CHAMPION KIND PET.



CHRISS! DEM WOODCHUCK IS PLENTY FLUFFY LITTLE GUYS NOW! YOU BET.

TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS
KATHLEEN
MAURICE - THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOYBOY.
CONSTABLE TOM RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

Prologue

A STRANGER FROM THE SOUTH ENTERS THE LIVES OF DR. ROGERS, KATHLEEN, AND MAURICE. IN THE CANADIAN TRADITION OF WARMTH AND HOSPITALITY, THE STRANGER WAS OFFERED FOOD AND LODGING FOR THE NIGHT. FEELING HE SHOULD REPAY THE KINDNESS SHOWN TO HIM, HE LEAVES A SMALL GIFT, AS OUR STORY UNFOLDS...

CANADIAN FILM BOARD '07

MAY I OFFER YOU THESE TABS OF COSMIC SHINE WITH PEACE AND LOVE. FAREWELL, FRIENDS.

TANK YOU, MISTER.

THAT'S REALLY NOT NECESSARY.

Later

NOT MUCH TASTE, EH?

NO.

THE PASSES

MY LORD! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

SHIT LA MERDE! COLLIN DA BIN! STI TABARNASH!



KISS MY BREASTS, DOCTOR - BEFORE THE MOON EATS US!!

GARGA

AAA!

Kill de white Man!

Next Morning

LET'S TURN TO GENESIS XII AND BEGIN...

The Light at its Brightest.



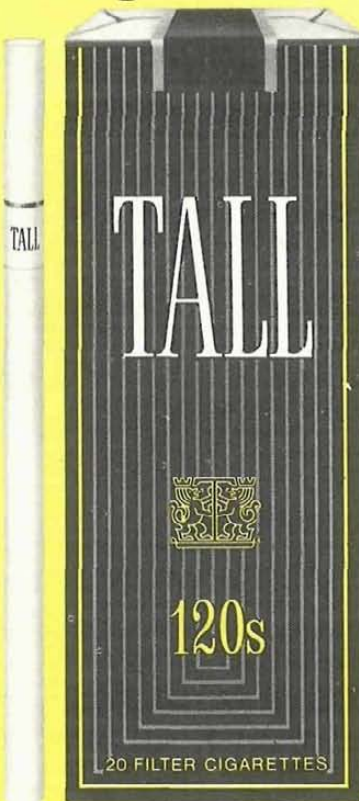
Olé ELO. Their greatest hits from 1972 to 1976. Electric Light Orchestra. On United Artists Records and Tapes.



TALL

120s

Towers
over
ordinary
cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



☛ Triple-flash bunting from Snowblind, Me.!!! **Jimmy Carter** has tuberculosis!!!!

☛ Galumptious kite from To Wit, La.!!! **Charlton Heston's** teeth are by Playtex Girdles!!!

☛ Hot-off-the-presses booby from Truckle, Neb.!!! **Engelbert Humperdinck** fell apart on Tuesday. He always looked like he was going to fall apart, and on Tuesday he did!!!

☛ Supercolossal pee-wee from No Sale, N.M.!!! **Birdbath** predicts!!! **Howard Hughes**, famous hermit crab millionaire, will die!!! He will die standing up in a five-and-ten-cent store choosing those pink plastic barrettes he always wore. Death will be instantaneous and lingering. He will die without a penny to his name, which he will will willy-nilly to **Clifford Irving**, the only man, he says, who truly understood him!!!

☛ Sparkling loon from Fribble, Mont.!!! **Birdbath** interviewed **Sylvia Miles** the other day as she stood upright before her ironing board ironing her breasts. She ironed each one as flat as a skillet. "There is very little hope for women nowadays," said Sylvia. Then she sprayed them with sizing.

☛ Hot swallow from Aaron Burr, N.D.!!! **Ellen McCormack**, mother superior of the no-abortion platform of the Democratic party, a bastard offshoot, loves to fox-trot. "One two side together," said Ellen to reporters as she sat in her Long Island split-level. "Life is sweet. See my pretty curtains. See my fingernail polish. One two side together. Have a Necco. One two side together. Aren't delphiniums adorable? Gentlemen always open doors for ladies. What's the *real* thrill of love?—you know as well as I. Linen napkins are a must. One two side together." Far from cutting in on her, everyone cut on her. She remained seated on her flowered chintz settee. Her husband is the manufacturer of a new aluminum condom. Over the fireplace was displayed the company watchword—an old Irish motto—"Even the Pope uses them things!"

☛ Hypnompompic gander from Whales, Iowa!!! **Randy Jones** of the San Diego Padres has not dusted his piano in three weeks!!! He does not want to remove the pitcher.

☛ Kaleidoscopic crane from Open Sore, Ga.!!! The movie *All the President's Men* is a postage stamp!!!

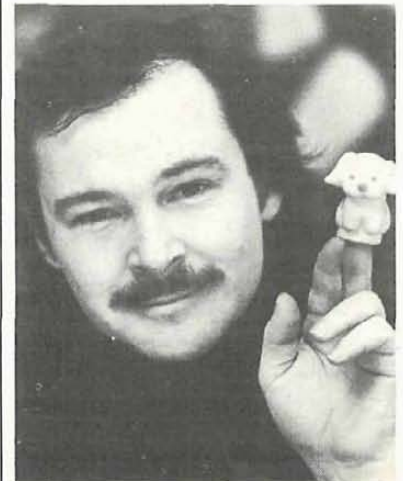
☛ Sublime goose from Dishwater, Ore.!!! **Stewart Emery** has gained five pounds!!!

☛ Tremulous tit from Coughen-spit, Tex.!!! **Gregory Peck** is having problems with his sincerity. Evidently, it wants a divorce. But this would be the fourth sincerity for Greg—odd, isn't it, how they all look so much like one another!—and the old stager can't stand it. Well, we're weeping for you, Mr. P., we are, really we are!!!

☛ Holy oriel from Rosary Bead, Md.!!! **Amy Carter's** father is rich white trash!!! And so is **Jeff Carter's** father. And so is **Jack Carter's** father. And so is **Chip Carter's** father.

And so is the father of **Abby Jones** of Annapolis, Md. And so is **Calomine Dudd** of Norfolk, Va., a high yaller gal, daughter of **Citronella Dudd** (née Citronella Dudd). And so is the father of **Orifice Cadugan** of San Diego. And so is the father of **Meriyne Forge** of Key West. And so is the father of **Blooper Orontes** of Olongopa, P.I. And so is the father of that cute little halfbreed **Belle Nak-suki** of Yokosuki, Japan. And so is the father of the ugly Eurasian **Bubba Bong** of Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

☛ Enormous puffin from Grease, N.J.!!! **Dave Kopay's** hung like a chandelier, and that's why he's not in professional sports. All those other guys were jealous of his parts and wanted to get in on them, so they



Overweight contender **Muhammad Ali** and new-found friend.



Sylvia Miles (second from left) and the cast of *Hollywood's Hair*.

spread this rumor about him which you've heard. Dave went along with it because their attentions were unwanted and disruptive. But just look at the guy, will ya? It couldn't be true. Dave Kopay's a human being just like me and you. Well...like you, anyhow!!!

☛ Bombastic barnswallow from Baltimore, Md.!!! **Muktananda**, the Baba of DeVille (pacé **Boruk Glasgow**) has masses of cornflowers in his bowels. His disciples salaam servilely before him and place them at his feet along with bars of Ivory soap and other precious objects—an old aggie, a Peewee Reese trading card, a felt beanie. He eats everything that is offered. But the cornflowers, which his sycophants pluck from the Catskill slopes, come in such vast quantities that they form masses in his colon, huge blats of blue buds. The Baba belches pollen, and his temper is not of the best. He bops his worshippers with a stainless steel peacock feather, hard. Whap! Ow! Whap! Ow!—go the oblations. Eye-shaped welts rise on the brows of decraniated worshippers, and are taken for sacerdotal stigmata. **Dodie Goodman** is a regular anchorite there. So is **Senator Muskie**, who crawls toward the swami on his back, twanging chants. The Guru goes to India soon for a purge and to fuck a lot. See ya on the slopes, Muckie-babe!!!

☛ Unctious osprey from Gangrene, Vt.!!! The breath of **Esther Roth**, Israeli trackstress, smells of garlic!!! Yukkk!!!

☛ Silly cygnet from Slax, N. Mex.!!!

Paul Newman has become a movie star!!! Good luck to ya in your new career, Paul.

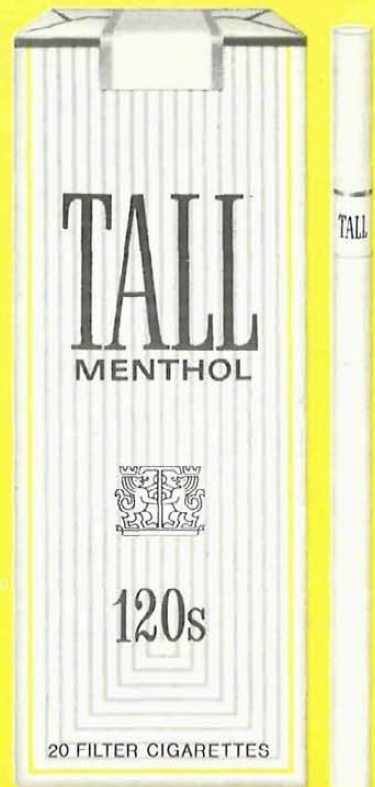
☛ Chattering mackaw from Gumbo, Cal.!!! **Hubert Humphrey** still has his cherry!!! Isn't that sweet? Doesn't that make you feel good? I mean that there's still someone around who hasn't debased himself prematurely. Some people say that's why he talks a lot—you know, to cover it up like, and sort of talk around it. So, fellow Americans, think of this in your dreams and waking aspirations—H.H.'s cherry is there for the taking. Kind as I am, I'd gladly stand aside for someone more experienced in these matters. But anyone who wants to put him or herself forward may now volunteer. Is it you? You? Hey, where are you all going? Wait! Come back! My goodness, the hall is empty. Whaddayaknow, looks like Hubie's going to remain a perpetual candidate.

☛ Shrieking shrike from Critical, Mass.!!! Dumb is the word for **Nancy Reagan**. Just plain dumb. She thinks her husband wants to be president. He doesn't. Ronnie, you don't want to be president, do you? You don't want that at all. You just want to put everyone to shame, isn't that right? You just want to blister us with your freckles and your rectitude. And, Ronnie, listen while I whisper this into your ear. We may be wrong, and you may be very, very right, and we may be covered with shit and shame, and you may be covered with pink tea roses, but listen, Ronnie: you still got a very dumb wife. How do you like it? **R. Bruce Moody**

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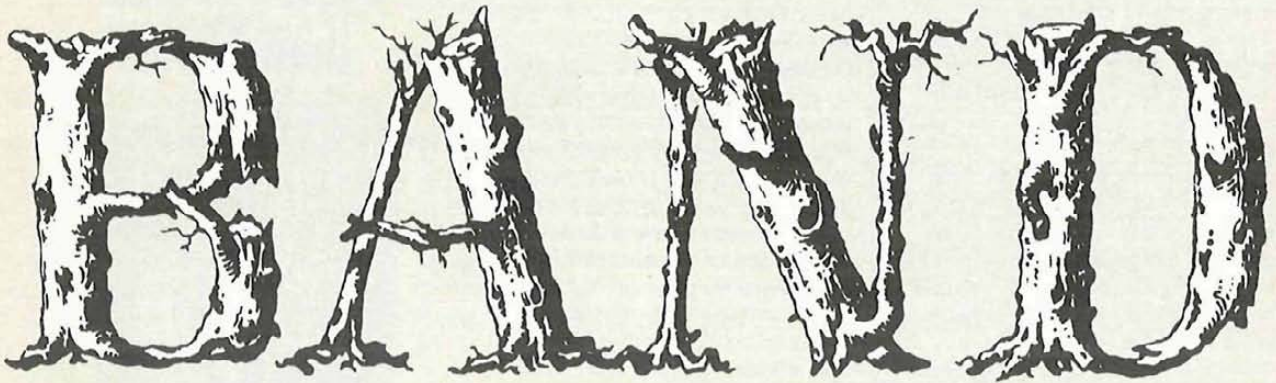
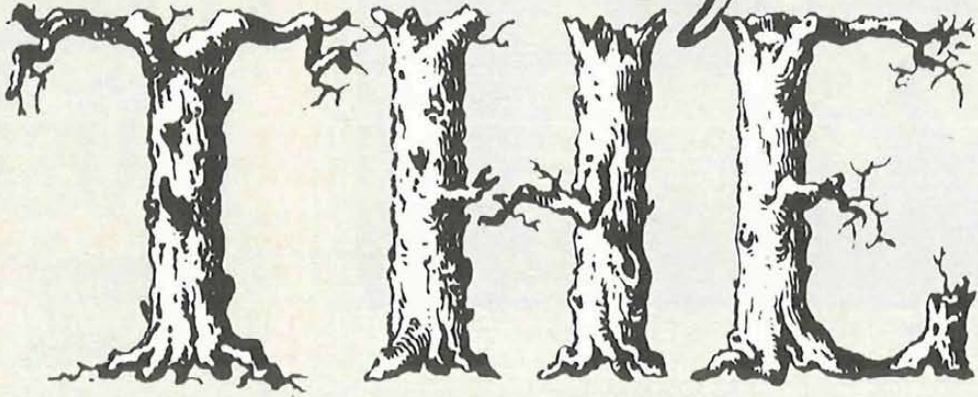


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FALLING NED

EPISODE #7

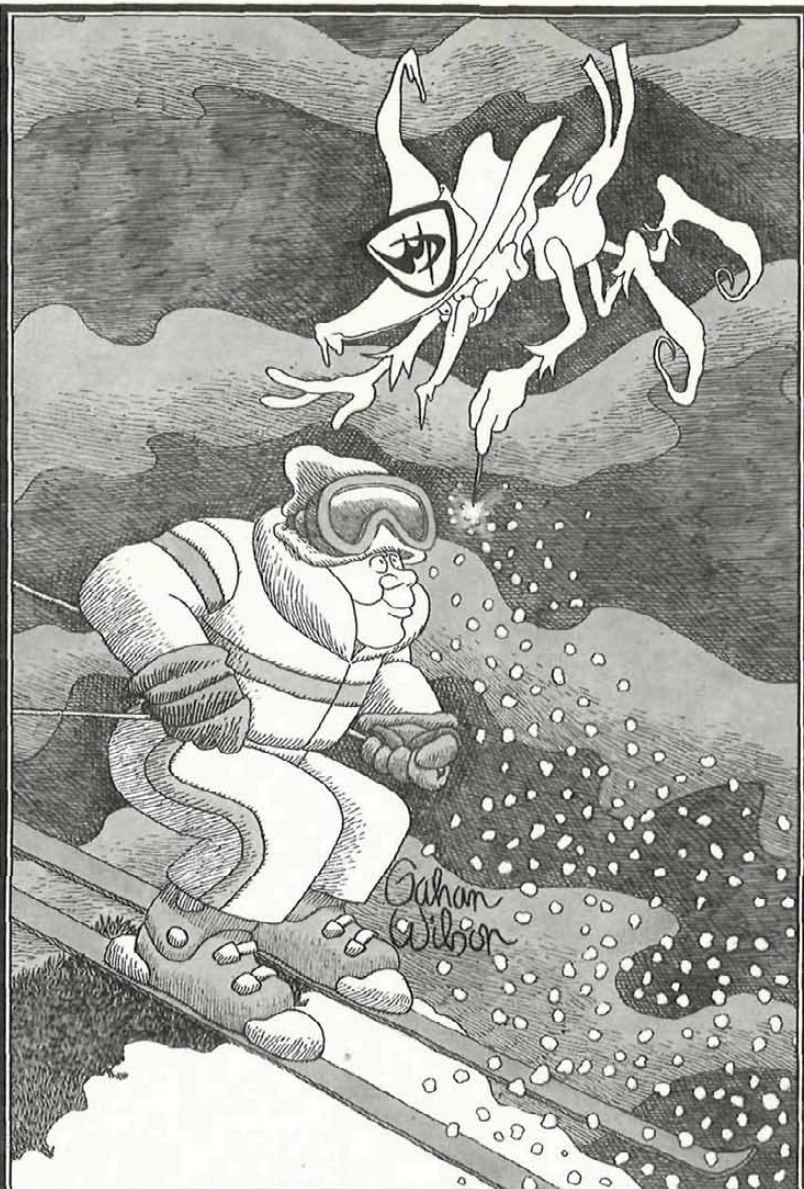
WHAT THE FUCK'S GOING ON DOWN THERE? IS THAT SOME SON OF A BITCH TRYING TO KILL HIMSELF? SUICIDE'S AGAINST COMMANDMENT ONE, BABY! I'M GONNA GET YOUR ASS GOOD!!!

JESUS CHRIST, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AMUSED BY FALLING NED!

WHAT'S THIS JESUS CHRIST SHIT?

EEEEEEEE-
EEEEEEEE-
EEEEEEEE-
EEEEEH!!!

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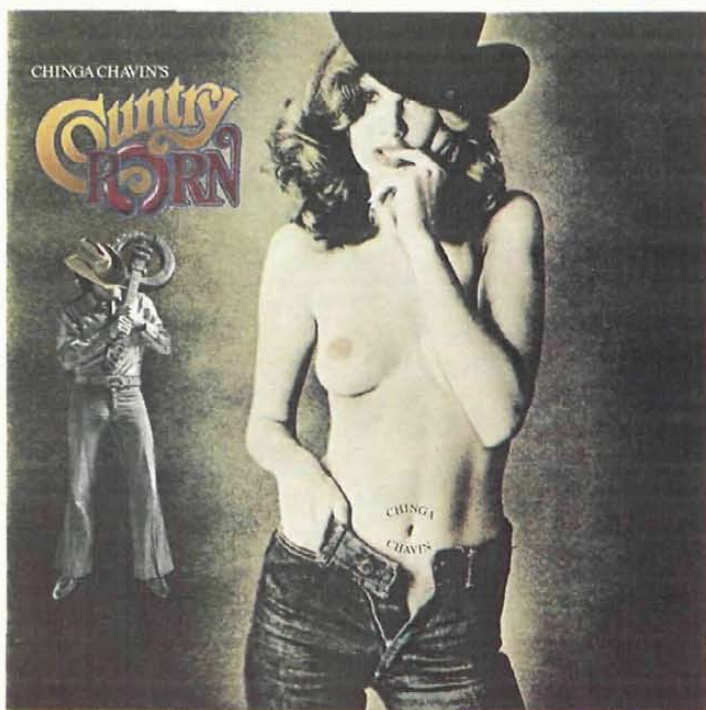
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When you tune in to the VISIONS series this fall on your PBS station, don't expect the expected—the made-for-TV movies or the BBC revisited.

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Oct. 21 *Two Brothers*,
by Conrad Bromberg

VISIONS premieres October 21st with 'Two Brothers,' by Conrad Bromberg. A young doctor's battle against his own mental illness, and the desperate efforts of his older brother to help him.



Oct. 28 *The War Widow*,
by Harvey Pott



Nov. 4 *El Corrido*, by Luis Valdez



Nov. 11 *Gold Watch*,
by Momoko Iko



Nov. 18 *Liza's Pioneer Diary*,
by Neil Cox



Nov. 25 *The Great Cherub Knitwear Strike*, by Ethel Tyne



Dec. 2 *Life Among the Lowly*, by Adrian Hall and Richard Cumming



Dec. 9 *Pennsylvania Lynch*,
by David Epstein



Dec. 16 *Scenes from the Middle Class*, Betty Patrick/David Trainer



Dec. 23 *The Phantom of the Open Hearth*, by Jean Shepherd



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Jan. 6 *The Gardener's Son*,
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We hope you'll watch all the VISIONS productions and enjoy them. In another departure from television, we're inviting you to participate by becoming our critics.

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You be the critic.

Two Fingers: Man or myth? His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers.

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind—Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor"—the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she

would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

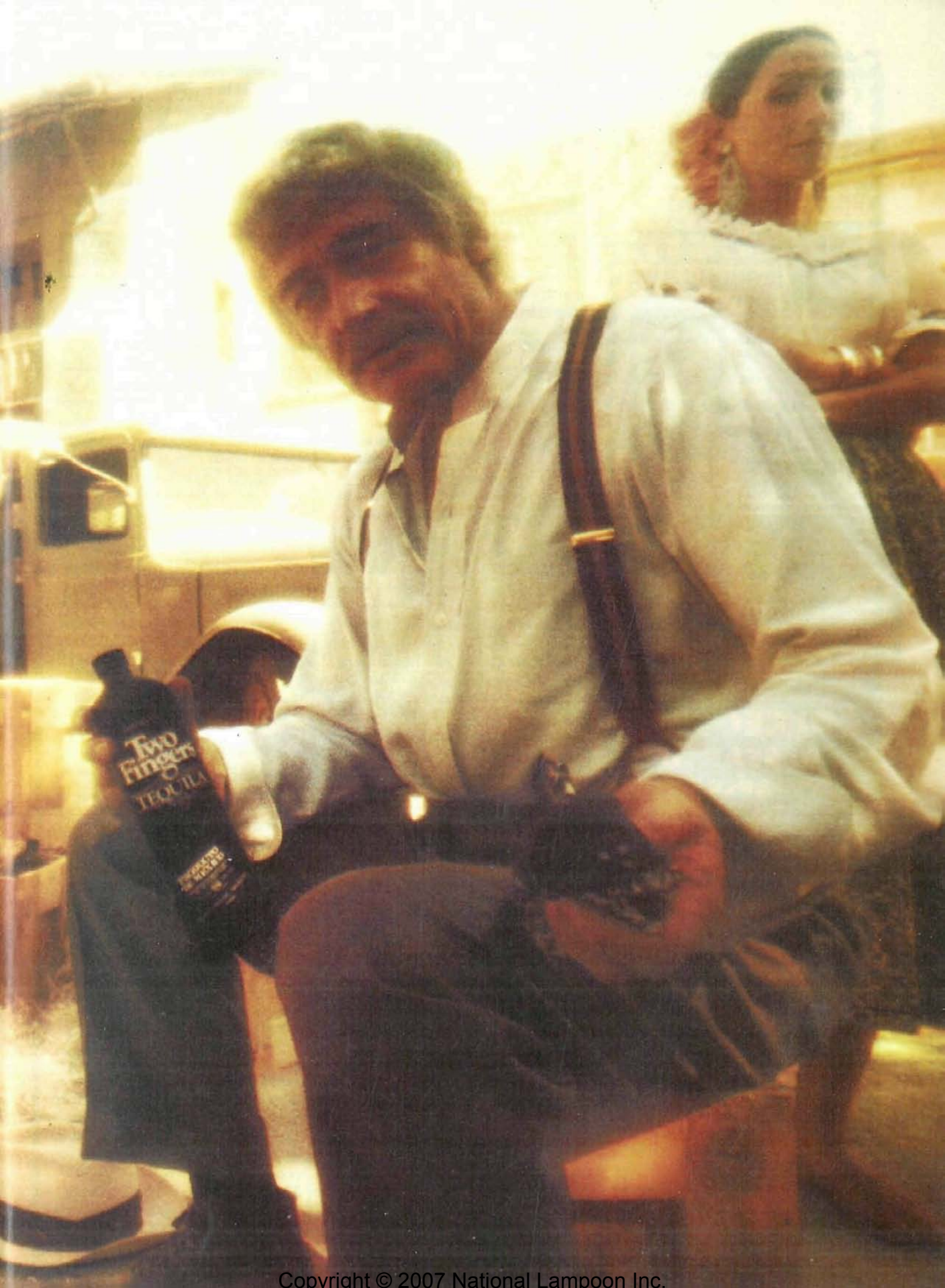
Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.



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Bernie X

continued from page 98

with all the crazy shit that happened to me driving back cross-country. Anyway...I'm zipping out of Vegas. Now I'm heading towards Arizona and Utah. I want to see the Grand Canyon and some of those national parks. They're supposed to be beautiful. So I saw the Grand Canyon and the national parks. Big fucking deal. I'll take Jones Beach. I was getting punchy from all the mountains and trees, so I head for the nearest big town, which happens to be Phoenix. Maybe I'll find a little action. I really felt like throwing a fuck at someone.

So I'm driving along in downtown Phoenix when I see this fantastic looking broad waving at me and hailing me as if I was in New York on a rainy night. I don't know Phoenix from a hole in the ground, but I couldn't refuse to pick up a broad like this. It looked like my prayers were answered. She jumps into my cab and says to step on it, go as fast as the wind. I said, "Lady, this isn't my town. A Jewish cabdriver who gets a speeding ticket in this fucking Gentile town isn't worth two and a half shits." But before she could say boo, a car zoomed around the corner and these fucking machine guns opened fire on us. It was like a gangster movie. Good thing we ducked in time. The fucking bullets ripped holes in the cab. Now I knew why this lady wanted me to go full speed. I didn't have time to argue with her because the car with the machine guns was coming back for another try. So I peeled a little rubber and started giving those cocksuckers a driving lesson. I played possum with them for about two, three miles, letting them stay on my tail. Then I did my famous double U-turn at seventy miles an hour and left those pisspots to crash into a fucking tree trying to keep up with me.

When the coast was clear, I parked in a secluded spot so I could catch my breath and size up this broad. First of all, she was a Chink. But she's not one of those China doll types. More like a half Chink, half white. She could also pass for a Hawaiian or maybe a South American, depending on how the light hit her. All I know was she cast this magic spell over me. The more I looked at her, the less I could think straight. I didn't know what the fuck was happening to me. Me, Bernie X, who fucked a thousand and one broads, including the biggest

movie stars. Maybe I was falling in love, I said to myself.

So naturally I asked her what the fuck this was all about. Y'know... what's a beautiful Chink like you doing in a place like this...getting machine-gunned and God knows what else. Well, she starts explaining the whole thing to me, and she talks like a fucking machine gun herself. I'm having a lot of trouble figuring out what she's saying. She also puts a lot of blah-blah-blahs and yatta-yatta-yattas at the end of every sentence, as if I know what blah-blah and yatta-yatta means. And every time I say something, she giggles. I never heard anybody like this in my entire life.

It seems that she was being chased by a gang of priests who discovered that she was a double agent. A double agent of what, I asked. What the fuck is going on? Of cocaine, she said. The priests are on one side, the Chinese on the other. She told me that these priests from one of the biggest churches, the one that Nixon goes to, are also running one of the biggest cocaine rings in the country. In fact, they still supply Nixon with the stuff.

Evidently, they got into the South American cocaine market a long time ago, and what they do is get the stuff shipped to Hong Kong. In Hong Kong, the Chinks manufacture fake Bibles with a section cut out for the cocaine. The Bibles get shipped right to Arizona. That's how the cocaine is smuggled in. Fake Bibles. One of the oldest tricks in the book. No one suspects the priests because they're so fucking religious and clean looking. The Bibles are distributed to all the churches, and every Sunday during the services, the priests give them out to the big dealers. The dealers drop their payments into the regular Sunday collection box when it's passed around. That's how fucking simple it is. Where the Chink fits in is that she was the go-between, the agent for the priests and the Chinks in Hong Kong who make the fake Bibles.

What happened was that the priests found out that the new shipments were not kosher. They were getting salt and sugar and flour mixed in with the cocaine and they were very, very mad at the Chink broad for allowing this to happen. She was supposed to be their expert on coke. That's what everybody calls cocaine, y'know. They're a real tough bunch, those priests. They got this saying, "Cocaine for Christ." There's nothing

continued on page 104

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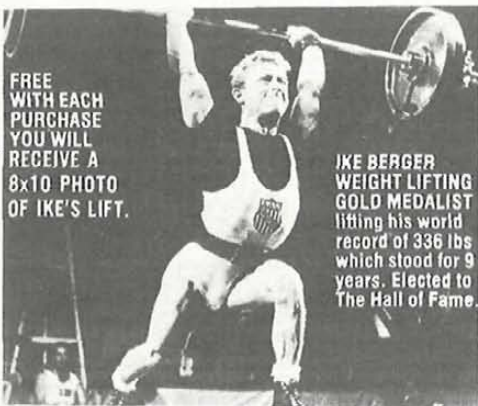
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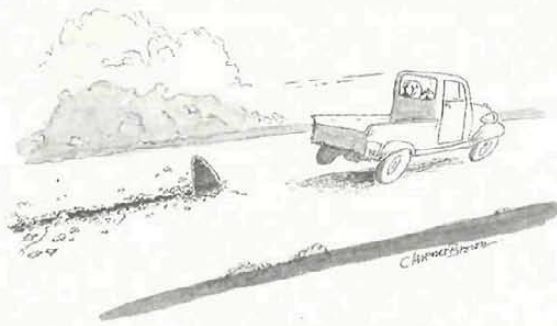
I enclose \$ _____ Check M.O.

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This Is War

continued from page 22

time accompanied by a hammering on our own door, which opened to reveal Child Moynihan in tears, locked out of his natural abode and certain that his father was being killed. Young Pat wailed, "Dad's murdered to a pulp by now for sure!" And after an hour and a half of raging clamor, we began to think, perhaps, the scion of that grudge match had a point, and we descended in a body to the Moynihan pied-à-terre.

Dad and I steeled ourselves for the grisly sight within. But when we burst through the door, we found no mangled body of Pat Sr., only a badly dented cookstove with Mr. Moynihan's derby perched on the top. That was exactly where he'd tossed it before his wife came up from the tavern a little short of eyesight, and mistook this haberdashed kitchen appliance for her beloved spouse. To be fair, it was a natural mistake. Mr. Moynihan and the cookstove resembled each other greatly in points of height, width, and sagacity of expression.

Also, usually, in complexion. Indeed, most women, if given a choice between the two for lifelong companionship, would have produced more dinners and fewer ambassadors to the U.N. So no one could blame Mrs. Moynihan, who now lay slumbering peacefully among the ditritus of war, and we each breathed a sigh of vicarious relief for Pat Sr., who was himself passed out on the fire escape—though whether for pleasant climate or ease of flight, I do not know.

Suddenly, thousands of miles away in Africa, there is a blaze of light upon the dials and screens, bells ring and sirens bellow, beer cans rattle around my feet. This is war, but I'm told there is no reason for concern. Only a herd of antelope has been nuked. "But from all reports and indications, it *might* have been a herbivorous armored column of four-footed tanks," explains the colonel, and he tells me how grateful the bushmen will be. It seems that if you set an A-bomb off 500 meters above ground zero, it cooks those fleet-hooved turf-nibblers just like a giant microwave oven—done to a turn the whole way through. The blacks love it that way; it's the only real cooked meat that they ever get. Plus it's a great help in reconnaissance patrols, as it causes the natives' blood to glow in the dark. □

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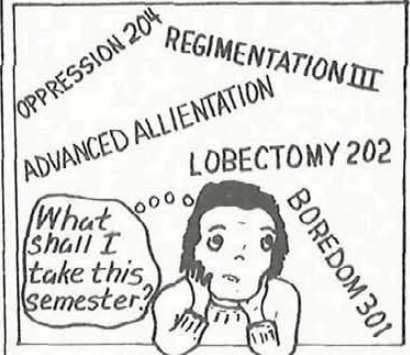
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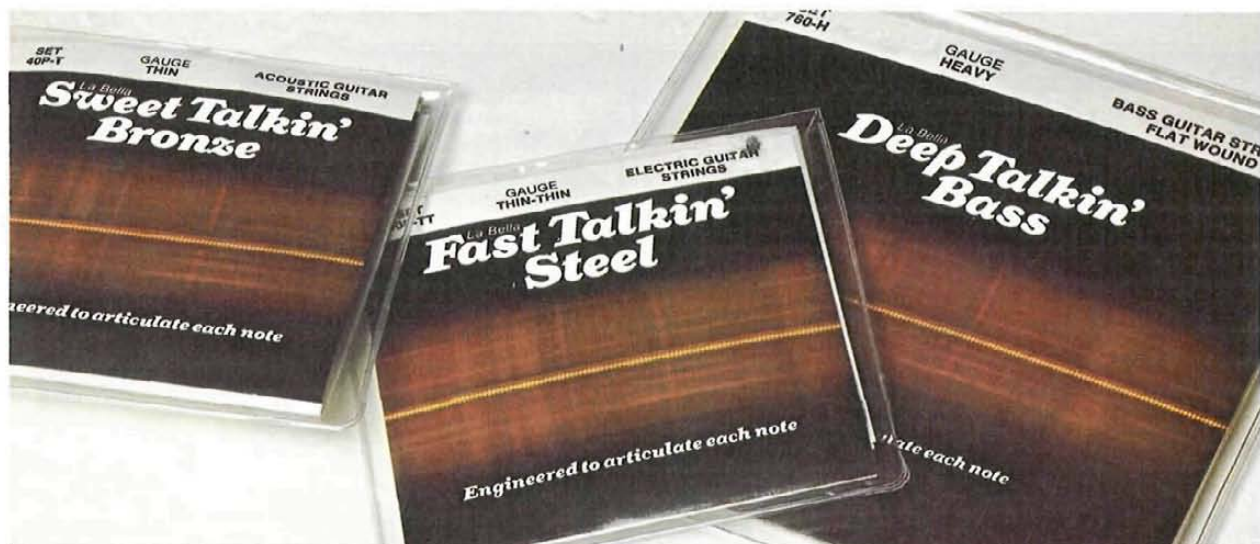
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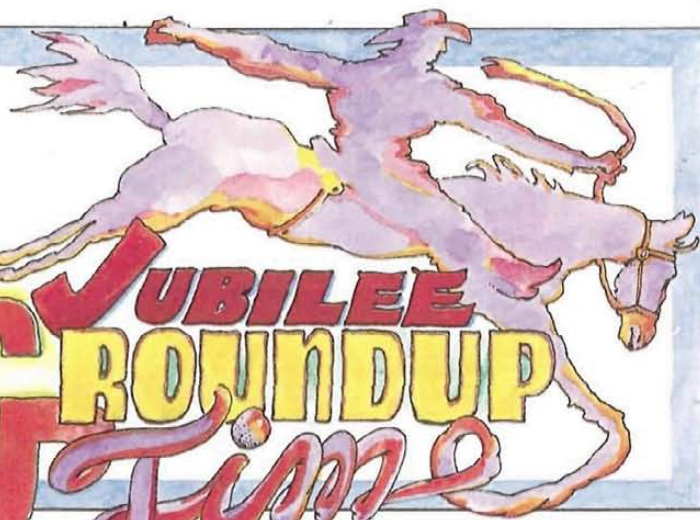
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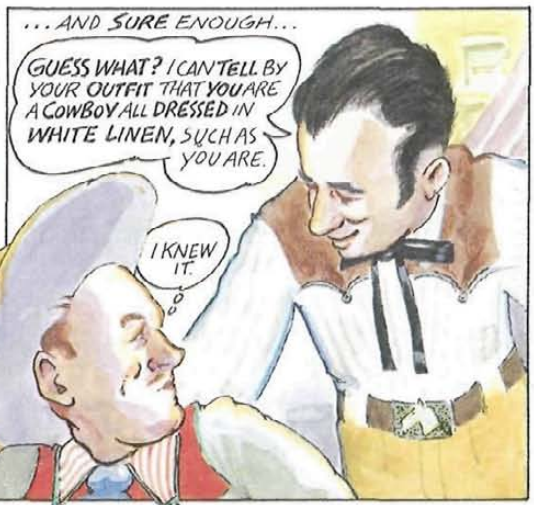
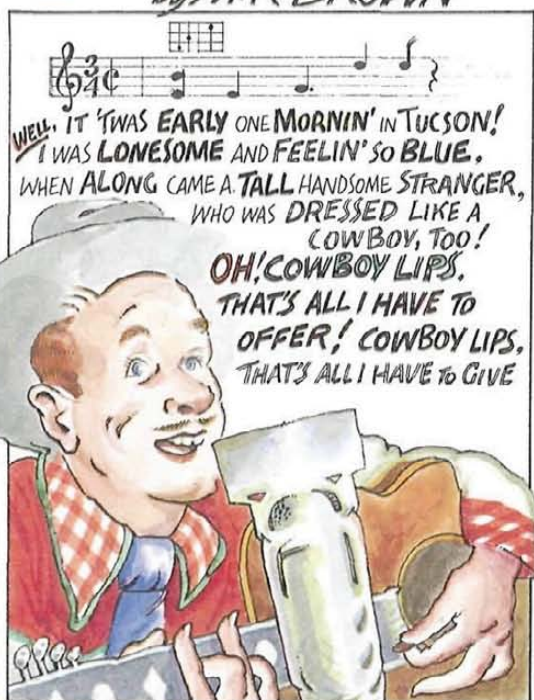
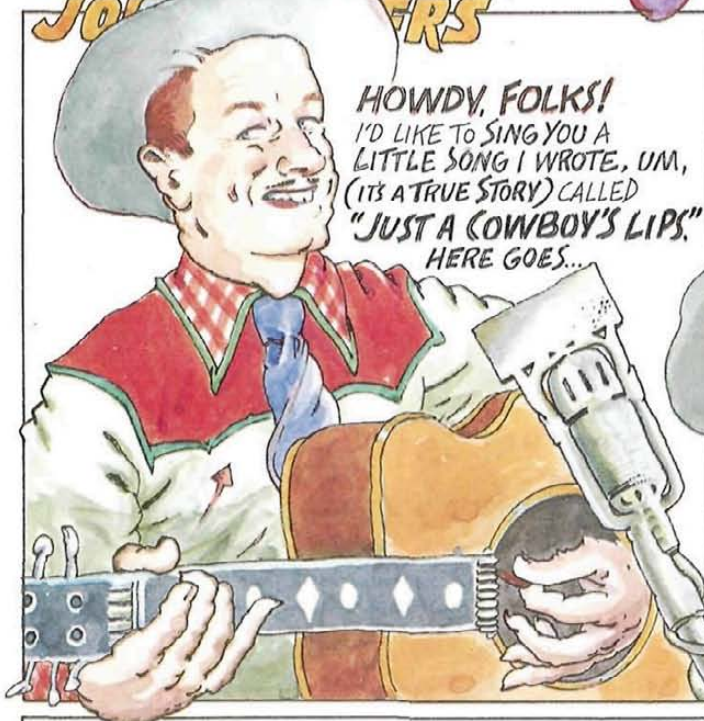
HILBILLY

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by M.K. BROWN



WELL, I CAUGHT THE NEXT BUS FOR ATLANTA!
I WAS TIRED AND FEELIN' SO BLUE,
WHEN ALONG CAME A TALL HANDSOME STRANGER,
OH, THEY CALL IT THAT OLD DEJA VU!

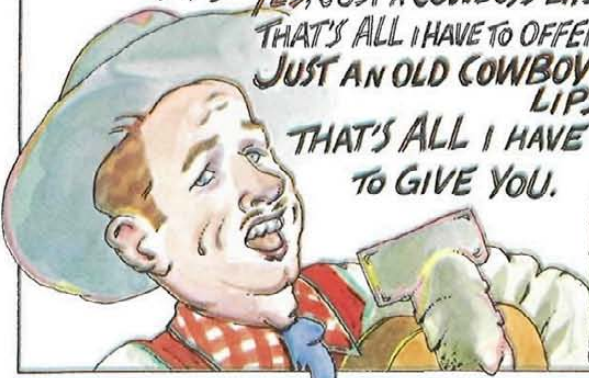


PARDON ME!
IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

I KNEW HE
WAS GOING
TO SAY THAT.



YES, JUST A COWBOY'S LIPS,
THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO OFFER!
JUST AN OLD COWBOY'S
LIPS,
THAT'S ALL I HAVE
TO GIVE YOU.

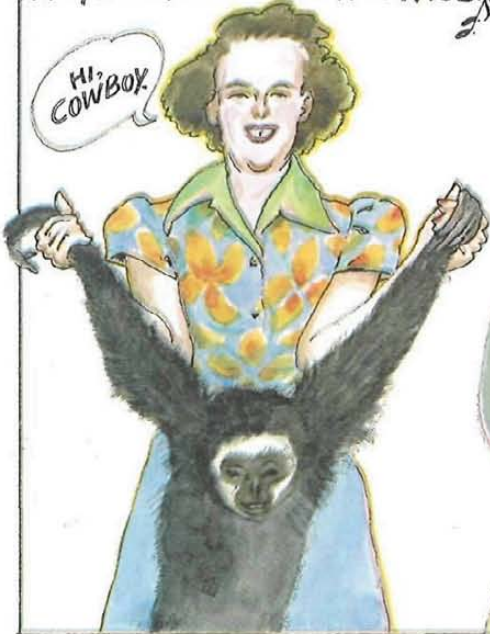


WELL I GOT OFF THE BUS IN ATLANTA
I WAS LONESOME AND FEELIN' SO BLUE,



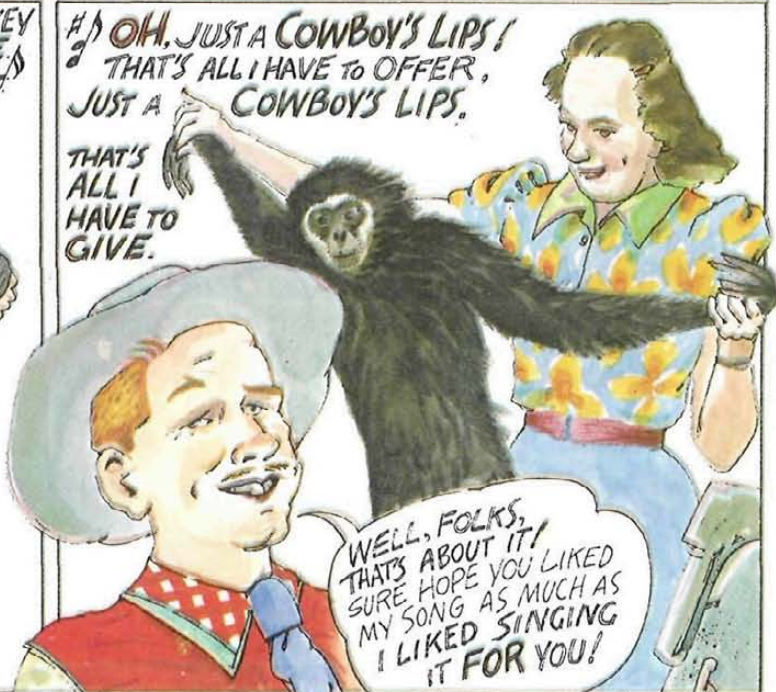
WHEN ALONG CAME A GIRL WITH A MONKEY
AND I PROMISED I'D ALWAYS BE TRUE.

HI,
COWBOY.



OH, JUST A COWBOY'S LIPS!
THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO OFFER,
JUST A COWBOY'S LIPS.

THAT'S
ALL I
HAVE TO
GIVE.



WELL, FOLKS,
THAT'S ABOUT IT!
SURE HOPE YOU LIKED
MY SONG AS MUCH AS
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Bernie X
continued from page 98

tougher than a religious drug dealer. So the priests twisted her pretty arms and tortured her a little and she confessed that she was really working for the Hong Kong Chinks. Seems that the Hong Kong people wanted a bigger piece of the action, and the diluted cocaine was their way of telling the priests to shape up and cut them in for more. Somehow she escaped from the priests and ran out to the street and spotted my cab. And that's how I got involved with a gorgeous Chink drug dealer who is making me crazy and getting me hot.


At the same time she's telling me all this, she's also telling me that she's not really interested in drugs. What she really wants to do is become a country and western singer — the first Chink to do it. She wants to go to Austin, Texas, and become a superstar. That's where a lot of those singers hang out, I'm told. And all those big singers are crazy about coke, so she was saving a big batch for them. This would help her break into the business, she said.

I would never touch that shit myself. I don't need any drugs to get me excited. But she finally persuaded me to take a little tiny sniff because it's supposed to be harmless. About ten minutes later, I felt like a combination of Superman and Captain Marvel. I looked at the Chink and got the biggest hard-on of my life. She had that look in her eye like she wanted to marry my dork, but she kept very cool. She said she was falling in love with me by the second, but we had to wait until tomorrow before we could fuck because we still had one more job to do. "You must trust me," she kept saying.

The next thing I knew I was taking her to a secret hideout where the rest of her Chink buddies were staying. It was the fanciest hiding place I ever saw, a Chinese ski lodge tucked away somewhere in the mountains. One big fucking room after another, with swimming pools full of warm water and little Chink snow bunnies with hardly any clothes on. They giggled all the time, like my little Chink. And waiters walking around carrying trays full of spare ribs and egg rolls, my two favorite foods. It was Chinese heaven.

Then we come to a room full of old rugs and pillows and funny-looking pictures and we wait around for the

continued



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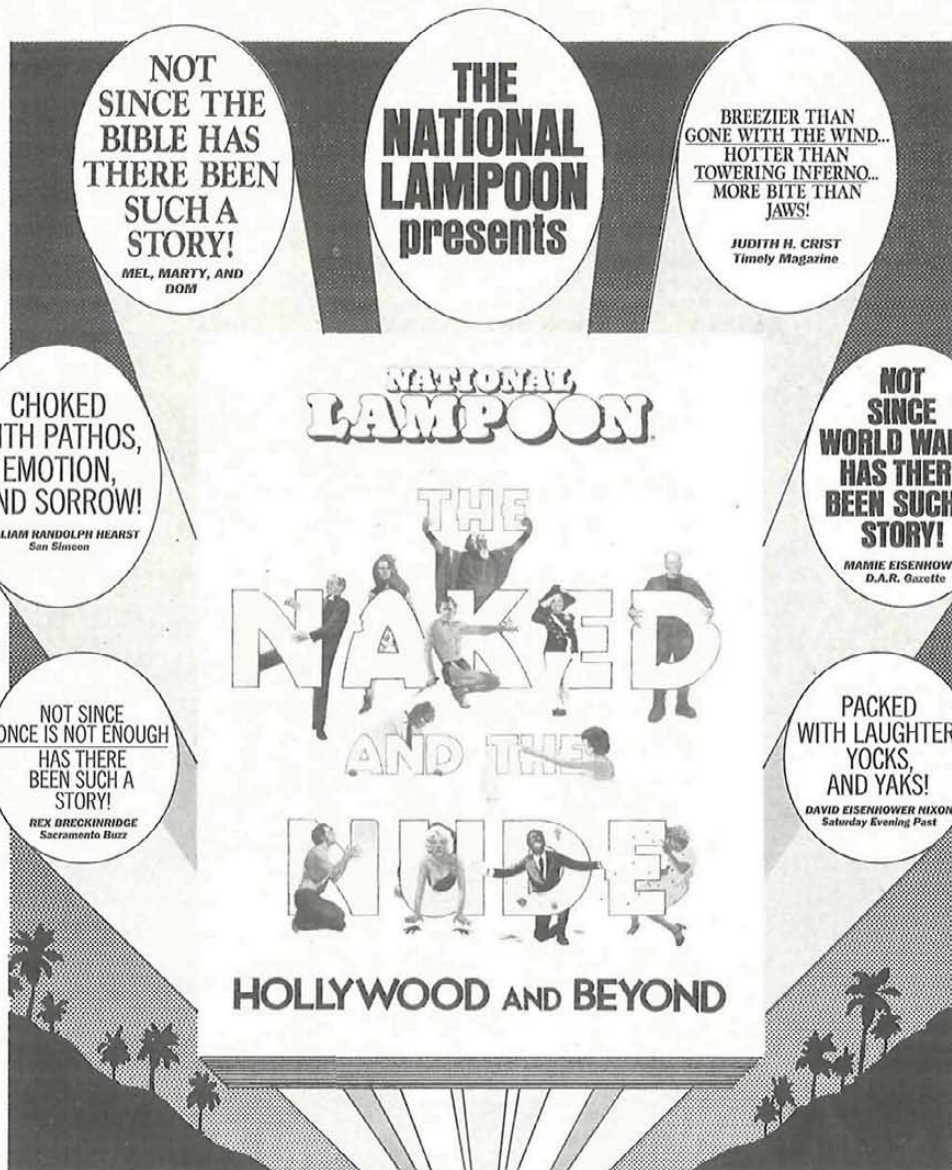


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Bernie X
continued

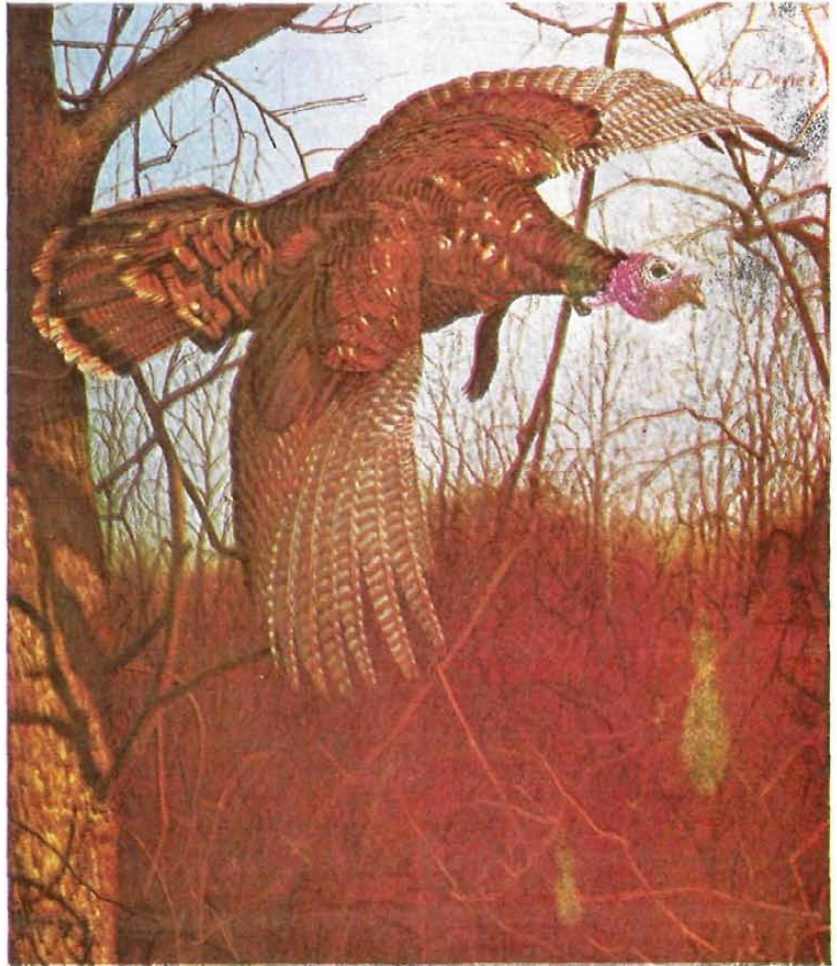
leader to arrive. He finally comes in with a whole bunch of bodyguards, and he looks very familiar. I've seen that face before. The Chink introduces me, and sure as shit, the name rings a bell, It's Che Guevara. The one who used to work for Castro. It seems that he was alive and well all along. His double was the one they killed.

The Chink tells Che that I rescued her from the priests and that I can be trusted. So Che tells me all about his big plans. He's been in South America for years getting the cocaine business organized, and now he's ready to take it over on a worldwide basis with the help of the Chinks in Hong Kong who want a bigger piece of the action, and are putting up the front money. Che's plan is simple. Once he gets control of all the cocaine traffic, he will distribute the stuff free of charge to all the workers. The coke will give them terrific strength and energy to accomplish superhuman tasks in the great revolution against capitalism. Or something like that. He used a lot of nine dollar words I couldn't understand. All I knew was that he was a fucking Commie. But I had to admit that I couldn't argue with him about getting coke for nothing. Besides, my Chink lady was on his side, and at that time I would have followed her to the fucking moon. That's how crazy about her I was.

The first step in Che's plan was ready to go. He wanted to muscle in on the priests' coke business. They were going to hijack a Bible shipment that was coming in on the priests' private jet. About five million dollars worth of coke was stuffed in the Bibles, enough to get the revolution started in California, at least.

About midnight, Che's little army is ready for the hijack—a bunch of shmendricks who said they were from the third world, whatever the fuck that means. They were all colors—yellow, brown, red, and I swear I even saw some blue ones. They're all sniffing their coke and putting on ski outfits and masks and packing guns. There's a hell of a lot of snow out there. The priests' plane is supposed to land near a ski resort that was temporarily closed down. So we all head for the landing area and wait for the plane. The plane arrives on time, and Che starts doing his guerrilla soldier act. He tells the priests to come

continued



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Bernie X

continued

out of the plane with the Bibles and to throw them on the ground, along with their weapons, and then to stand with their faces to the plane, etc., etc. They do as they're told, but the last one out opens fire on us, and suddenly all the priests pick up their guns and scatter, taking cover behind the plane. Now the fucking guys are blazing. Everybody is hot and worked up and shooting away. When the fuck did these priests learn how to shoot guns? It's the coke working on them. I realize that there could be a lot of bloodstains on the snow tonight and some of them will be mine, because I don't have a fucking gun. What am I doing in the middle of the Arizona mountains with a bunch of crazy Chinks and shvugies and priests? I'm going to die if I don't do something fast. So I get this bright idea. I grab this bullhorn away from Che and yell out to the priests. I said something like, "Hold your fire for a minute... I want to talk to you guys. You're all smart guys, right? There's a lot of money at stake here, as well as people's lives. I know you have a difference of opinion on who should own this coke shipment, but why should you settle it by killing each other? Nobody wins in that kind of argument. I got a better idea. Why don't we have a snowball fight? The team that wins the fight gets to keep all the coke. That's fair and square, isn't it?"

A long minute of silence follows, and then the head priest comes out, a real tough looking guy in a black suit and a white shirt. He says that his group agrees to the idea and that all weapons should be thrown into a pile and then the snowball fight can start. Che agreed to the idea, too. He was full of coke and figured his team would beat the shit out of them.

So the fight starts full blast. Maybe a hundred guys in all, throwing snowballs, building forts, yelling and carrying on like ten-year-old kids. The priests are pretty good—very steady, throwing a lot of fast stuff. Che's men are in and out. A lot of Chinks don't know how to throw a fucking snowball. Even Che was lousy. For a Cuban, he didn't throw too good. I tried to stay neutral, supervising the action. The Chink broad wasn't helping matters, by the way. She was taking much too long making snowballs. Each one had to be perfect—a fucking Chinese work of art. I told her to get off the stick and pack those

babies like they were egg rolls.

After two or three hours, everybody was covered with snow, wet to the fucking gills and completely exhausted. I forgot to mention that while the fight was going on, we were getting a nice windy snowstorm as well. It was the snowstorm that really ended the fighting. Y'know why, doncha? You probably guessed by now. The fucking Bibles disappeared in that miserable storm. Everybody got so involved in the snowball fight that they forgot all about the Bibles. The wind and snow blew them to kingdom come. We had as much chance of finding them as those gold prospectors in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* when their gold dust was blown to the wind in the desert. In fact, I told all the guys about the movie and how the two prospectors, Walter Huston and Tim Holt, finally laughed themselves silly over the whole thing—accepting the fact that the last laugh was on them. But Che and the priests didn't get the connection. Nobody was laughing. Nobody even cracked a smile. Also, they were very wet and freezing cold. Some of them started mumbling about how the whole fucking thing was my fault, since it was my idea to have a snowball fight.

So they took it out on me. They rolled me around in the snow until I thought I would catch pneumonia. Then they all got into the plane together and took off in the fucking storm, leaving me behind. Even the Chink broad left me flat. She decided to fly to Brazil or something. Fair weather friend, that's what she was.

So there I was, in the middle of nowhere, in a fucking blizzard. I walked for hours and hours fighting off the sleeping sickness. My whole body was frozen solid. Then the miracle happened. I see this little cabin, and I crawl into it. There's a guy in it who helps me, gives me coffee and brandy and some dry clothes and all. He was a trapper or something, and I was lucky to find him at home. He had a little cot that looked like the plushiest bed in the world to me, and I plunked down and went into a deep sleep. I dreamed a terrible dream, though. I dreamed that someone slipped behind me and fucked me in the ass while I was asleep. Maybe it wasn't a dream after all. Maybe it was that crazy trapper. Tell you the truth, I was too fucking tired to care, and besides, my ass was so numb I couldn't feel a thing. □

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Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Aboard Air Force One—And so this gleaming, tubular-winged projectile spurts through the afternoon sky, into that rich Midwestern heartland that divides the labial coasts of this pulsating land, bearing within it the man who grips in his hands the fragile yet enduring fundament of our nationhood. And in Gerald R. Ford, it bears, too, a man whose very simplicity contains complexities that boggle the mind even of one as thoughtful and farseeing as your scribe. For I have just learned the ultrasecret political strategy which will insure the beleaguered Republican party a victory this fall that as yet seems impossible to all but the most incandescently brilliant among us.

For, as explained to me by top officials within the Ford campaign, the president is prepared to make the ultimate, final sacrifice in order to propel into office the party he so fervently loves.

"It came about this way," explained Rogers C.B. "Good Buddy" Morton, the Ford campaign manager. "We go into the fall behind by almost forty points. People like Jerry Ford, but they simply don't believe he's presidential enough. So Jerry is going to do the one thing that will mark him as indelibly presidential for all time."

"Which is?" I asked.

"Which is that he is going to be assassinated."

I confess to a moment of total incredulity, during which Morton explained the increasingly obvious strategy.

"You must understand the advantages. A presidential assassination wipes the slate clean. It totally suspends any and all criticisms that might be leveled at this administration—Watergate, the pardon, the economy, it all goes right out the window.

"Second, it guarantees four to seven days of total dominance of network television. All programs suspended, funereal music, tributes from friends and foe alike, and totally

favorable coverage of the heir apparent.

"Third, it places Jerry in a line running from Lincoln to J.F.K. There'll be songs, an eternal flame, a fantastic funeral—we've got Cardinal Cooke to help with the Catholic vote—and a sense of shock which will sweep the Republicans into office."

As sketched out to me by a team of brilliant young men from Grieve & Mourn, the official Republican consultants to the Ford assassination task force (known informally as "Operation Last Stumble"), the strategy looks something like this.

Sometime in mid- to late September—after the warm weather ends and the new television season begins, so as to maximize viewing households, but before the diversion of the World Series—the president will launch a campaign in a pivotal midwestern state (Ohio or Illinois, depending upon the polls), so as to insure a prime-time

photo opportunity. Upon landing, the president will deliver a speech which will later be dubbed "ironically foreshadowing," warning of "those within our land who would substitute the arms of hatred for the hand of love."

The president will then embark on a motorcade into the downtown area, and at a point halfway between the airport and the rally site, he will be fatally shot, preferably "by a cheap foreign import so as not to unduly agitate the gun lobby forces and domestic manufacturers."

The president will utter one brief final sentence—perhaps, "Don't let this country fall into the hands of a veto-proof Congress"—and collapse. He will be rushed to a hospital, and die forty-five minutes later.

The assassin—who will be slain while attempting an escape—will be a white Southern Protestant. On his person will be found several empty

continued

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Elborne Whippet, Jr.

continued

peanut bags. ("What the hell," an aide explains, "let Jimmy smile away *that*.")

I asked Mr. Morton how the president responded to this high-risk political strategy.

He smiled broadly.

"You must understand Gerald Ford," he said. "He is the last living totally loyal Republican. He understands fully what the Republican party has done for him. Instead of handling auto repossessions on a frozen clump of land in the nether sphincter of Michigan, he has had thirty years of publicity—he has gone from nothing to an income of \$250,000 a year—he has lived rent-free—he is *has become famous*—and now he is simply asked to give up 5.4 years on his actuarial chart for immortality as a beloved president."

You mean, I inquired, that Mr. Ford had no objections.

"Oh, yes," Morton replied. "Like any good executive, he raised some pretty tough questions. He absolutely vetoed any suggestion that the assassination take place as he was walking down the steps of Air Force One, because he said he'd had enough of jokes about falling down stairs. And he was *very* tough about the location

of the fatal bullet. 'If the head was good enough for Lincoln and Kennedy,' he said, 'it's good enough for ole Jer.' And he made us promise that the Michigan fight song would be played as he was lowered into the ground—*adagio*, of course."

The good folk from Grieve & Mourn then took over, explaining exactly how the TV coverage would add to the electibility of the Republicans.

"About a week before the event," one of them told me, "we will call in the anchor people and brief them. We anticipate no real problems here—after all, you must remember the fantastic job they did keeping the Bay of Pigs quiet, their thoughtful restraint in ignoring the Vietnam War, their heroic efforts to make the Warren Report look good—no, I have no doubt they'll respect the embargo until it comes off."

"And you must also remember," the subsidiary rights expert added, "that the fees from the autopsy photos, the amateur cameraman footage, and the interview with the assassin will bring in enough money to keep the Republican party in the black for years to come."

It was with an overwhelming sense of respect and pride in this land and

the leaders it produces that I was ushered in for a personal conversation with the one who is propelling this land into the two thousand four hundredth menstrual cycle of our national existence. I found Mr. Ford puffing thoughtfully on his pipe, gazing out of the window as if in silent, prayerful contemplation of the land beneath he loves so well (the fact that the curtains were drawn only lends testimony to the president's vision—he truly can see without seeing at all).

I asked the chief executive whether he was at all fearful of the event with which he was about to conclude his service to America, and his life.

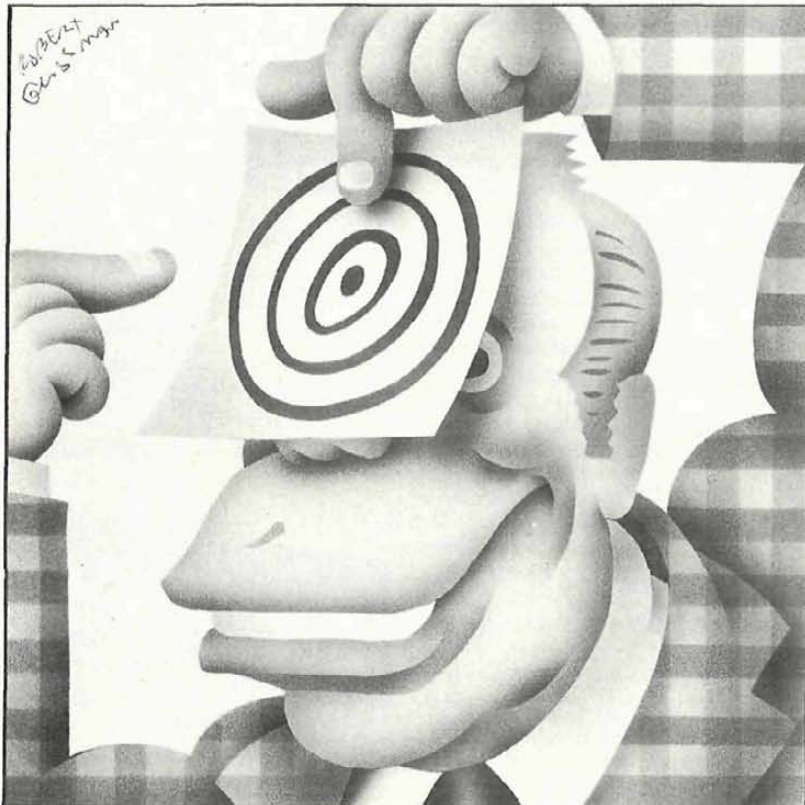
"Oh, no," he said with a wistful smile, as he unerringly guided his pipe toward a small obstruction in his right nostril. "It's not much at all, really. You figure, they've taken 'Gunsmoke' off, so there's really not much to do Monday nights anyway. And when you look at the remarkable staff work that's been done, there's no way I could stand in the way of so many dedicated people.

"Then too," he added, "with all the stuff that Rocky's gonna do for the wife and kids—well, a man sometimes has to think beyond himself."

What, I wondered, had the uniquely competent, energetic, and thoughtful vice-president to do with all these plans.

"Why, shucks," the president said, "who do you think paid for the studies? Who do you think's set up the endowment and the house in Vail? Soon as I'm plugged, ole Nelse gets the job, he's got the nomination without a fight—and he gets swept into office right along with Big John Connally as his running mate. Ho, ho, ho, let's see the Democratic party attack the man who's got the rudder in the stormy seas then, my friend."

Just then, the president was called into conference to begin rehearsing his demise ("nothing hysterical, just a grimace of pain endured and a hand gesture of heroic resignation," the media advisor offered), and this reporter returned to his seat, secure again in the knowledge that those who lead this nation are indeed blessed by Divine Providence to make those stands, however painful, that will ensure this nation the kind of leadership it has so diligently earned throughout its storm-tossed journey from the valleys of hope to the mountains of fulfillment. □



The Teachings of Jose Cuervo.

(as excerpted from Chapter 27 of The Book.)

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2. COLA
3. APRICOT JUICE
4. COLLINS MIX
5. GINGER ALE
6. GRAPEFRUIT JUICE
7. PINEAPPLE JUICE
8. BEEF BROTH
9. TOMATO JUICE
10. TONIC
11. CARROT JUICE
12. CLUB SODA
13. LIME JUICE
14. APPLE JUICE
15. TANGERINE JUICE
16. LEMONADE
17. GRAPE JUICE
18. ICED TEA
19. WATER
20. CELERY JUICE

COLUMN (B)

1. JOSE CUERVO WHITE
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